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MINE ANCIENT PISTOL.

THE French Colonels Bill is formally announced. Under the dictation of the French Ambassador, backed up by the insolent menaces of French bayonets, the First Minister of the English Crown has given notice that he will lay on the table of the English Parliament a Bill to change the English law. Our estimate of the braggart vaunts of a "spirited foreign policy" is too well known to allow of our expressing any surprise that Lord PALMERSTON should imitate the conduct, as closely as he does the language, of FALSTAFF'S ANCIENT PISTOL—"He swears and eke he eats." As far as the Minister is concerned, the disgrace of the country is complete. But happily it does not finally and in the last resort lie with any Minister of the Crown to fix a permanent stain on the honour of England. The dignity of this people and the cause of freedom can only be hopelessly betrayed by their Parliament. It is not too late to save the character of England, and the hopes of the world that hang on her. The Minister of the Crown, it is true, has cried craven. It remains to be seen whether an English Parliament can be intimidated.

It is no small question which is now at issue. It is a question on the decision of which we may dare to affirm that the future of the civilized world in no light degree hangs. It is this—whether the English nation is to become the servile accomplice of those schemes of "further repression" which are the insatiable necessity of terror-stricken and declining despotisms; or whether there yet lives in this famous people enough of the spirit of their fathers to sustain them, despite menaces however gross, and dangers however imminent, in the manly defence of their liberties and laws. The question of the Refugees has been propounded in such a form, that a concession to the demands of France must be understood by all Europe, and will certainly be interpreted by history, as nothing less than a confession that England wants the fortitude and the power to stand by her own independence; and that she, too, is chained as an illustrious captive to the triumphal car of an insolent tyranny. It is an error to suppose that this humiliation—which despotism so eagerly anticipates, and which freedom in ages yet unborn will dearly rue—can only be wrought by some great and violent change in our laws or institutions. Such a change is not necessary for the purposes of that Holy Alliance which has vowed the destruction of liberty throughout the world. It is enough for them, if, by pressure, menace, and intimidation, they can exhibit England to the eyes of Europe cowering, abject, and apologetic. It is not a sweeping change that they want—the semblance of concession will answer all their ends. Constitutional changes will come soon enough when the cause of despotism has once established against England the precedent of intimidation. The smaller and the more unnecessary the measure, the greater the humiliation, because the more complete will be the evidence of fear. For this purpose, a deprecatory despatch and a declaratory statute, to be conveyed as a "humiliation and excuse for the whole nation" (we borrow the scornful and indignant

language of Lord MANSFIELD), is amply sufficient. If England now shows that she cannot or dare not hold her own—if she is to aggravate the penalties of her just but merciful code to meet the exigencies of foreign absolutism—we may, indeed, shut up the map of Europe. We may boast of the progress of the nation, and the growth of our wealth, but if we yield to the menaces of the *Moniteur* in 1858, we shall prove that we are no longer the same people in whose name an English Ambassador addressed, in 1803, to the greater uncle of the present Sovereign of France, the following words—"Such arguments might perhaps do, when applied to some of those Governments with which France had been accustomed to treat, or more properly to dictate to, but never could be used to Great Britain; his MAJESTY had a right to speak freely his opinion, and possessed also the means whenever he chose to employ them, of opposing a barrier to the ambition of any individual, or of any State, which should be disposed to threaten the security of his dominions."

It is no secret that a formal demand has been made by the French Ambassador, on behalf of his Government, for a change in the laws of England which may afford a better security to that Imperial system which finds an insufficient protection even in the complete annihilation of liberty in France. It is now officially announced that, in compliance with this requisition, the Government will on Monday next bring in a Bill. Let us ask ourselves seriously, before we make an apparent concession to such a demand, why any change is requisite, and to what end it is to be directed? For even if the necessity were clearly demonstrated, it would not be an agreeable confession to be forced on a free people that it had to wait for the instructions of the French Ambassador, and the menaces of the French infantry of the line, to learn how to amend its laws and improve its institutions. But where is the necessity? We hope that the defenders of the independence of England will pin the advocates of compliance to a strict proof of their monstrous case. The artifice of endeavouring to work upon the English horror of the crime of ORSINI, in order to blind them to the insidious attack on their own liberties, is too transparent to deceive any one. If it is said that what is wanted is the punishment of men who have been, or may be, in this country, accomplices of such attempts as that of the Rue Lepelletier, we answer, let it be proved to us that the laws of England are not sufficient to deal with a detestable crime which is an outrage alike on the law of nature and of nations. There is no better living authority on a question of criminal law than Lord CAMPBELL, and he has declared the existing law to be sufficient. Let the ATTORNEY-GENERAL rise in his place in Parliament, and say that he has in his possession evidence which, in conformity with principles known to the English Constitution, ought to be the foundation of a criminal charge, and that the English law has provided no means to deal with it. Let us hear the nature of the charge, and then let those who are competent judges decide whether a remedy is wanted. The Government of LOUIS NAPOLEON is not the first that has been the object of conspiracies, nor is this question now for the first time discussed in England. It must be admitted to be somewhat singular that the present Emperor of the FRENCH cannot dispense with a modification of the English law which LOUIS PHILIPPE did not feel it necessary to demand after the attempt at Boulogne, and that the man who paid the dastardly pension bequeathed by NAPOLEON to CANTILLON for his attempt on the life of the Duke of WELLINGTON should be dissatisfied with the English laws on the head of assassination. Nothing that the French Government has a right to demand, and that England, if she be true to herself, will consent to concede, is unprovided for; and we do not believe that so eminent a lawyer as Sir R. BETHELL will commit his reputation to such a libel on the law of

England as would be involved in a denial of this assertion. But be that as it may, the English Parliament is not to be put to the vile use of passing Supplementary Acts to supply the want of firmness and moral courage in the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in using the instruments already at his disposal, or to gratify the dictatorial demands of a foreign Ambassador and the insolent menaces of French Colonels.

In the year 1802, England was at peace with France; but the passions of the two nations had been excited to the most violent degree by a long and sanguinary struggle. The first NAPOLEON made demands on the English Government very similar in their nature and tone to those which are now preferred by his nephew. The Administration then at the head of affairs in England was not a strong one. Mr. ADDINGTON had not the reputation of great firmness, and Lord HAWKESBURY was certainly not suspected of much sympathy with the cause of liberty. Yet they were true Englishmen, and supported the character and independence of their country like brave and honest men. They did not brag, it is true, of a "spirited foreign policy," but they were jealous of the honour of their country. We quote from the *Annual Register* for 1803, an extract from a despatch of Lord HAWKESBURY, to be read to the French Government, worthy of the best days of English liberty:—

I am sure that you must be aware that his Majesty cannot, and never will, in consequence of any representation from a foreign Power, make any concession which can be in the smallest degree dangerous to the liberty of the press as secured by the Constitution of the country. This liberty is justly dear to every British subject. The Constitution admits of no previous restraints upon publications of any description; but there exist judicatures wholly independent of the Executive Government capable of taking cognizance of such publications as the law deems to be criminal, and which are bound to inflict the punishment the delinquents may deserve. These judicatures may take cognizance not only of libels against the Government and the magistracy of this kingdom, but, as has been repeatedly experienced, of publications defamatory of those in whose hands the administration of foreign Governments is placed. That our Government neither has, nor wants, any other protection than what the laws of the country afford; and that though they are willing and ready to give every foreign Government all the protection against offences of this nature which the principle of their laws and Constitution will admit, they never can consent to new model their laws or to change their Constitution to gratify the wishes of any foreign Power. If the present French Government are dissatisfied with our laws on the subject of libels, or entertain the opinion that the administration of justice in our Courts is too tardy and too lenient, they have it in their power to redress themselves, by punishing the vendors and distributors of such publications within their own territories in any manner that they may think proper, and thereby preventing the circulation of them. If they think their present laws for the purpose insufficient, they may enact new ones; or if they think it expedient, they may exercise the right which they have of prohibiting the importation of any foreign newspapers or periodical publications into the territories of the French Republic. His Majesty will not complain of such a measure, as it is not his intention to interfere in the manner in which the people or territories of France should be governed; but he expects, on the other hand, that the French Government will not interfere in the manner in which the Government of his dominions is conducted, or call for a change in those laws with which his people is perfectly satisfied.

There may be some persons who will be surprised—we confess that we are not among the number—to find that Lord PALMERSTON, of whom it has been boasted that "he is not the Minister of Russia, of Austria, or of France, but the Minister of England," has shown himself incapable of the firmness of ADDINGTON, and that in English spirit he is far below the level of Lord LIVERPOOL.

At any rate, the Government of that day did not come whining to Parliament for a Bill to help them. When a ground of just and sufficient complaint arose in the case of PELTIER, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL did his duty, not to the French Government, by bringing in a Bill, but to the English Law, by acting upon its existing provisions, and proceeding against the offender. An information was filed by his MAJESTY'S Attorney-General *ex officio*, which stated "That peace existed between NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and our Lord the KING; but that M. PELTIER, intending "to destroy the friendship so existing, and to despoil the said NAPOLEON of his Consular dignity, did devise, print, and publish, to the tenor following," &c. Now, will any of the legal advisers of the Crown hazard their reputations on the assertion that the principle involved in this information is not amply sufficient to effect all the purposes for which any Bill they may bring in can provide?

But we are told that the object of the Bill is only to alter the punishment, not to create a new offence—to make that a felony which is already a misdemeanour. To us it seems that this explanation makes the matter far worse. It shows that the principle involved is the more dangerous, and the concession demanded the more degrading. If it could have been said that there are crimes for which the English law has provided no punishment, there might be some reason for amending a state of things which would be justly held a national reproach. But for this there is no pretence. The offences to be dealt with by this Bill are clearly punishable by the

present law; but the French Ambassador is not satisfied with the severity of the penalty. So that it comes to this—that the English Parliament is to award the measure of punishment, not according to the principles or the spirit in which the English law has acted for centuries, but according to the notions of justice and mercy which rule in the heart of a French Colonel of Infantry. The *Times* has fallen into a gross blunder on this matter. It has stated that the punishment for a conspiracy to murder is at present no greater than that which would be awarded on an information for libel. As if the punishment of all misdemeanours at common law was necessarily the same, and as if the severity of the sentence were not wholly in the discretion of the judge.

However, it is not so much the thing to be done against which we would earnestly and solemnly protest. It is in the time and circumstances under which it is to be done that lies the incredible danger and degradation of England. We were told, it is true, in the well-known accents of vapouring swagger, amidst the cheers of admiring aldermen:—"That if any foreign nation ever dreamed in its visions, that the exertions which we had been compelled to make in India had lessened our strength at home, and that the time had arrived when a different bearing might be exhibited towards us from that which was safe in the moment of our strength, the manner in which the spirit of the country has burst forth, the manner in which our whole force has been replenished, will teach the world that it will not be a safe game to play to attempt to take advantage of that which was erroneously imagined to be the moment of our weakness." But the French Government has had the sagacity to estimate these "prave words" at their just value. They are not such children as to be intimidated by a boggy mask cut out of a white turnip. They have laughed at the "lesson" delivered in the after-dinner bluster of a Lord Mayor's feast. A "different bearing" has been exhibited towards this country. It is more than half a century since the official journal of the French Government has appeared with gross insults and the menace of arms directed against the English nation. "Advantage has been taken" of that which is imagined,—whether erroneously or not it is now for Parliament to decide,—to be the "hour of our weakness." It remains to be seen whether the Minister's estimate of the subservency of Parliament is to be as fully justified as the French EMPEROR's judgment of the craven soul of a "spirited Foreign Policy." It is clear enough that to bully an English Minister may be a very "safe game." We shall see whether an English Parliament will be found so tame a creature. But we are told that the publications in the *Moniteur* are all a mistake. The *Morning Post* has "reason to believe" that no man regrets them more than the EMPEROR himself. To this we have only to answer, that after an official insult of this nature England cannot accept the apology through the mouth of a footman. Why are these menaces not retracted as publicly as they were made? From whom did the printers of the *Moniteur* receive these addresses if not from the Minister of the Interior? But then, says Lord GRANVILLE, "after all, what does it signify?" If the son of GRANVILLE LEVESON had in his heart one spark of the English spirit which actuated the statesmen who were his father's friends, he would never have humiliated the House of Lords by such unworthy language. Let us see what Lord HAWKESBURY thought the fit tone to adopt in answer to treatment precisely similar to that which the nephew of NAPOLEON has used towards us:—"Instead of seeking redress in the ordinary course, the French Government have thought fit to resort to recrimination themselves, or at least to authorize it in others; therefore they can have no right to complain if their subsequent appeal to his Majesty has failed to produce the effect that otherwise would have attended it. Whatever may have been the nature of the offence, they have in effect taken the law into their own hands; and what is this recrimination and retort? The paragraphs in the English newspapers, the publications to which I have above referred, have not appeared under any authority of the British Government, and are disowned and disapproved of by them; but the paragraph in the *Moniteur* has appeared in a paper avowedly official, for which the Government are therefore considered as responsible, as his MAJESTY'S is responsible for the contents of the *London Gazette*."

Great as is the length to which this article has extended, we know that we have but half treated this capital question, on which the dignity and honour of the nation has been so

basely staked. We feel that words are too weak to utter the grief, indignation, and dismay which must fill the hearts of Englishmen at the shame and degradation which is hanging over their country. The danger may yet be averted—the dishonour may yet be wiped out. We have learnt a lesson which it will be well for us all to remember, that swagger is no evidence of courage, or bluster of patriotism. There is no exception to that law of the moral character, that those who are foremost to bully the weak will be equally the first to truckle to the strong. It remains for us only to pray that Parliament may not become an accomplice to the dishonourable capitulation of the Minister. The news that the English Parliament is a party to this degrading submission will quench the hopes of every freeman throughout Europe. The cause of despotism will hail with acclamation the tidings that the flag of England is hauled down, and that the citadel of freedom has surrendered. They will march together against the faint-hearted State which has surrendered her outposts at the first summons of "the steel scabbards and the iron heels," and they will consummate the ruin which our timidity invites. They will know that we are no longer the same England which could defend her laws against Europe in arms, though her fleet was in mutiny at the Nore, and though the French tents were pitched on the heights of Boulogne. They will increase their demands in proportion to our submission, and each successive concession will be the prelude to a new requisition.

DOUBLE GOVERNMENT AND DOUBLE GOVERNMENT.

THE character of the attacks on the East India Company has changed not slightly since the days when the Court of Directors was denounced as the "type of obstructiveness" and circumlocution—and still more since the Radical newspapers, echoing the furies of Calcutta, thanked God that "this tyranny was overpast." Between admissions of the blessedness of India in having Englishmen to rule it, and acknowledgments of the superiority of the Indian Department to every other public office in the despatch of business, we have come at length to having Lord PALMERSTON'S measure recommended to us on the ground that it establishes a system as nearly identical as possible with that which it overturns. Nothing, it seems, is to be submitted to Parliament except a petty question as to the form of a bureau. In all essentials the Government of India will be absolutely unchanged; why then quarrel about points on which we may find ourselves unexpectedly unanimous? One reason, at all events, for not interrupting our criticisms, is the flattering certainty that they have effected so much already. That Mr. VERNON SMITH originally intended to take India into his own hands, and govern it with the help of five or six Under Secretaries, is about as certain as anything of the kind can be; and any mitigation which this foolish scheme has undergone is due to the London press, and to public opinion instructed and aroused by journalism. Is it supposed that the defenders of the East India Company are going to discontinue operations just when the enemy is beginning to show discomfort, and even dismay, at having the war carried into his own country? We have rarely seen anything more curious than the uneasiness of the out-and-out Ministerialists at the demand of the East India Proprietary, that the responsibility of past Indian policy should be properly apportioned between the Company and the Crown. Things have come to so absurd a pass that those who argue for the wholesale transfer of the Company's authority to a Crown department are labouring hard to show, not that the Crown ever did any good in India, or the Company any unmixed evil, but simply that the Directors are not quite free from some shadow of remote responsibility for acquiescing in acts of gross impolicy admittedly initiated and forced through by the QUEEN'S Government. It is surely the casuistry of despair which prompts the *Times* to argue that the Court of Directors is a little, a very little, answerable for the raid on Afghanistan. Lord BROUGHTON, it appears, was mistaken in his famous confession, "Alone I did it!" Was he, indeed! Does the *Times* really suppose that experienced Whig politicians are likely to take on their own shoulders the frightful burden of a national misfortune, unless they happen to be in the plight of the *gamin* from whose pocket the policeman extracts a watch while an angry gentleman holds him by the collar? The truth is, Lord BROUGHTON confessed because there was no help for it. He knew that the

Directors had exhausted their resources of expostulation and protest; and he did not seek to implicate them on the plea that when he signified his intention to persevere, they submitted, as was their duty, to the supreme authority of the Crown. The Directors were expressly blamed the other day by some malcontent Proprietors for not opposing an overt resistance to the more disastrous follies of the Board of Control, and so leaving the QUEEN'S Government to enforce its commands by *mandamus* in the Queen's Bench. But the wiser statesmanship of the Directors taught them to be satisfied, except in very extreme instances, with their privilege of remonstrance; and, where that was unavailing, to place their administrative powers at the disposal of the department which was made supreme no less by the theory of the Constitution than by the letter of the law.

The case against the existing Indian Department is reduced to an assertion, not of its inefficiency, but of its anomalousness. The critics who make this complaint evidently suppose that there is some model to which all Public Offices ought to conform. But where is there such a model? Who in the world knows what is the archetype of a Government Department? There is one plain rule. That is the best Public Office which does its work the best; and if we once set up any standard of departmental perfection except this, we shall assuredly stultify ourselves. It is mere ignorance which suffers itself to be misled by the superficial resemblance of the ordinary Crown Departments to each other, and thus imagines that they correspond with some carefully preserved type. There is no part of our history more obscure than the history of the various branches of our Executive; but enough is known to justify us in asserting that each of them assumed its present form through a long series of the merest accidents. In whatever way they grew up, they differ enormously from each other; and, indeed, they have little in common except the necessity imposed on their chiefs to resign office whenever the First Lord of the Treasury retires. Even this characteristic is not common to all. It illustrates the caprice which has presided over the organization of our Executive system, that the Postmaster-General resigns when his party goes out of office, while the head of the Horse Guards does not. Even when the responsibility is apparently most complete, it sometimes merely exists by a fiction. The Foreign-Office is really not responsible at all to Parliament. In short, the form of a department proves nothing whatever as to its administrative capabilities, and nothing whatever as to the completeness of its responsibility. There can be no charges against the Indian department which would be worth answering, except that it discharged its duties ill, or that it defied a command expressed by Parliament. If such accusations are false, or if (as is really the case) they are not even made, the case against the Company collapses. It is true that, from all time, there have been theorists who have been wedded to some ideal model of a State and of its component parts. From PLATO to the Abbé SIEYÈS, there have always been men who could never bring themselves to stomach a Constitution or a branch of the body politic which deviated from a certain ground-plan and certain elevations imagined or described by themselves. But such a method of criticism would always have been fatal to the English Constitution. It would involve the absolute condemnation of every English public office. We in this country have, till now, prided ourselves on following the opposite rule, which bids us take the working of an institution as the criterion of its value; and on this principle we should rather try to learn something from the East India Company than destroy it as an anomaly.

The absurdest feature of the proposed revolution has still to be stated. We are actually going to destroy the Double Government of India in order to hand over its authority to a Department which is the most flagrant example of a Double Government known to England. INDOPHILUS, in the *Times*, appears to speak with full knowledge of the changes contemplated, and the purport of what he tells us in his last letter is that the power of the East India Company will vest in the Horse Guards. The largest part of the Company's patronage is, as we have repeatedly shown, already in the same hands. Now, the relation of the Horse Guards to the War Office is exactly that of the Court of Directors to the Board of Control. If the Court of Directors lies outside the Parliamentary system, so does the Horse Guards. If the Court of Directors is responsible to Parliament through a Department external to itself, so is the Horse Guards. The Horse Guards disposes of the patronage and directs the organization of the

army, subject to the interposition of the War Office, in precisely the same way in which the Court of Directors regulates patronage and organization under the superintendence of the Board of Control. The Horse Guards, the War Office, and the Commander-in-Chief in the field are, point for point, counterparts of the Court of Directors, the Board of Control, and the Governor-General of India. If one state of things, therefore, is an evil, so is the other. If the dissemination of functions over two sets of officials embarrasses the civil government of India, it must shackle *a fortiori* the military government of the army. If Parliament is fit to govern a country thousands of miles off which it does not pay for, it is surely fit to govern an army at its own doors which is the heaviest of the expenses for which it annually provides. Every argument for the Double Government of the army is an argument for the Double Government of India. It is only the converse which is not true. The fact is, the system which is applied to the army is really open to the objections which are falsely directed against the system employed for the administration of India. The Horse Guards and the War Office do not check each other, because they are only separate representations of the same class. The Court of Directors and the Board of Control do check each other, because they are independent representations of different classes. The first is a clumsy arrangement, prolific of jobbing. The second is a well-tryed and successful polity, exceedingly unfavourable to illegitimate influence. *Il y a jagots et jagots*; there is Double Government and Double Government; and what we are about to do is simply to overthrow the better sample, in order immensely to increase the influence and vitality of the worse.

THE PALMERSTON DICTATORSHIP.

LORD PALMERSTON seems quite determined to kick fortune out of doors. No English Minister ever was in a finer position, if he had only the spirit to use it. And he won it fairly, so far as the world knows. The approach of a Russian war must have been to him like the approach of the Millennium to a Latter-Day Saint; but, to all appearance, he preserved his self-command and his fidelity to Lord ABERDEEN, while Lord JOHN RUSSELL was clearly playing a sinister game of his own, and trying to wreck the Peace Premier by driving him on war. The domestic disclosures which illuminated the fall of the Coalition Ministry showed that Lord JOHN had been making capital out of Lord PALMERSTON, but they did not show that Lord PALMERSTON had made capital of himself for Lord JOHN. When Mr. ROEBUCK's motion and the hour of fate arrived, Lord PALMERSTON was true to his old reputation for standing by his friends, and deservedly gained a lasting advantage at the cost of a momentary defeat. At the same time, Lord JOHN RUSSELL was obliging enough, by an act of perfidy as silly as it was black, to place his own head under the feet of his ancient enemy. Next, Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI were so good-natured as to efface themselves, by declaring their anxiety to form a Government, and their inability to form it without Lord PALMERSTON as Minister at War. At the same time, they committed themselves in advance to that extreme war policy which Lord PALMERSTON was likely to pursue. The Liberal Conservative leaders still divided power with the chief of the reorganized Cabinet; and to them, if they had continued Ministers, some of the weaker members of the Government would probably have adhered. But they, too, chose to resign on a fancied point of honour—a crotchet, or a qualm—and left the leader to whose policy they afterwards showed themselves unwisely and suicidally hostile, undisputed master of the Government of the country. Their resignation, unpopular as they then were, was on the whole a gain, in spite of their administrative capacity; and though of late their conduct has been wiser and more dignified, they long did all in their power to make the country regard them as traitors, and the object of their blind onslaughts as a patriot hero. Lord JOHN, though scotched, was not killed, and might still have been troublesome—he killed himself at Vienna. Thus Lord PALMERSTON's rivals and enemies had, in a manner, conspired to make him Dictator. The nation was more than ready to ratify their choice, and expected miracles of administrative vigour. No such vigour was ever displayed, though a semblance of it was produced by lavish expense. No thunderbolts of war were launched—no military genius was evoked—no great blow struck. The siege of Sebastopol ran its course, and nothing more

was done. But dire experience had already cured administrative defects—no more disasters like the storm which wrecked the *Prince* occurred, and things went better with the army in the Crimea. Above all, the suspicion of want of heartiness in the cause, which had clung to the Conservative section of the ABERDEEN Cabinet, was removed—nobody doubted that Lord PALMERSTON hated Russia, or that he would do her all the damage in his power. Therefore the nation was generous to the Minister of its choice, passed over DOWBIGGIN with a little grumbling, and made the best of the Redan and Kars. The Peace was not very glorious, nor quite worth the price, but that was less the fault of our Government than of their ally. The conditions of the Treaty were successfully enforced, and England half regained at the council-board the name she had lost in arms. The nation was with the Minister as fanatically as Englishmen can be. Even on the China question it refused to see anything but a combination of traitors against the great patriot, and decimated the traitors at the great patriot's command. The *Times* was chained to the car of the victor—the *Edinburgh* left its RUSSELL, and followed him. No Minister since CHATHAM had been so powerful. There had been powerful Ministers since CHATHAM. PITT was powerful, and PEEL was powerful; but they were not independent of party. PEEL had tried to govern without party, but in vain. In PALMERSTON, party had destroyed itself. If he had greatness in him, it was open to him to be a great man, and leave behind him a memorable name. There had been as much luck as conduct in his rise to the Dictatorship, but he had risen, and without a stain.

But, to be great, a man must not only have remarkable powers, but high aims; and Lord PALMERSTON has nearly compelled us to conclude that, whatever may be his powers, in loftiness of aim he is totally deficient. Instead of showing a desire to use his omnipotence, he has shown only a desire to keep it, and that by very ignoble means. When the contest with Russia was over, and the aim of a great Minister would have been to recruit the resources and renew the internal advance of the nation, all he could do was to stimulate his friend, the British Lion, by low filibustering and petty wars. Meanness could hardly descend below his electioneering speech at Tiverton and his fulminations over YEH. He tried to retain his hold on the nation, not as a great statesman and a great reformer, through that which is noble in the national mind, but through the lowest agencies of the whip. Released by fortunate accidents from party, he has bound himself to clique; and the hopes of promotion by merit, and encouragement of genius, which his advent to power excited, have long ago found their grave. But in truth, the appointment of Lord PANMURE as Minister of War, and of General CODRINGTON as Commander of the Army in the Crimea, showed very early in the day that the new was not like the old CHATHAM. A familiar clique is now one principal engine of government. The fanatical gratitude of the narrowest section of a great religious party is the other. The Church is farmed out by the gay and sporting Pelagian to secure the support of the gloomy phalanx which takes its word from the *Record*. This is not unlike the system of Lord PALMERSTON's friend on the other side of the water, who also rules through a personal clique, of moderate moral principles, combined with those black hosts of the *Univers* who find in the government of a great man there as benign an influence as their compeers of the *Record* find here. There is, indeed, a real though faint analogy between the positions of the French EMPEROR and the English Dictator. Political lassitude and reaction had prepared the way for PALMERSTON in England as well as for LOUIS NAPOLEON in France. Here, as well as there, people had become rather sceptical of progress, rather tired of intellectual politicians, and rather desirous of something which they might call a "man." In each case the opportunity was seized by an aspirant who might be called "astute and strong-willed," and who had learned some lessons of tactics from sporting men. Each is without an aim beyond the possession of power, and to each, therefore, success has brought intoxication. Lord PALMERSTON's blind confidence in his own popularity seems even to have deprived him of his ordinary tact. He might perhaps have been insolent with impunity to the East India Company, though it is the greatest corporation in the world. But it is almost inconceivable that a man with his shrewdness and experience should have ventured on such outrageous abuses of patronage as have recently occurred, at the very moment when he is attempting, not without a strong opposition, to make a vast addition to the patronage

of the Crown. The most insane conqueror, at the zenith of his success and presumption, never did anything more insane.

It is difficult to see on what the PALMERSTON Government now rests, or why anybody but the clique and the religious party who share the plunder should desire its continuance for an hour. The PREMIER, nursed in the intrigues and scuffles of secret diplomacy, has never turned his mind to great domestic subjects; and few men of his ability can be less fit than he is to deal with the questions of Finance, Indian Government, and Parliamentary Reform. Every one must feel certain that he will treat each of these questions rather as an affair of tactics than on a comprehensive view of its nature and its merits as a great matter of State. All hope of purity of appointment, and the promotion of merit in the public service, must now have departed from every independent mind. We seem to be threatened by the propensities and necessities of the PREMIER with an endless succession of small filibustering wars. There are some who still look to Lord PALMERSTON as the head of the Liberal party in Europe, and the terror of the King of NAPLES and despotic injustice generally throughout the world; but it is difficult to see on what the hopes of these enthusiasts are grounded. There is also a general feeling that the honour of the nation would be upheld in any controversy with a foreign Power. We should be very glad to think it was so; but we confess it is not from those who bully the weak, that we should expect most firmness in dealing with the strong. The Government contains some respectable and industrious administrators, but no one from whom it is possible to expect great things in any department. Why, then, should we hesitate in desiring to see advantage taken of the weakness which Lord PALMERSTON's blundering and insolence has recently brought on his Government, and a change of Administration at once effected? For the simple reason that there is no new Government in prospect on the stability of which any reliance can be placed. The various sections of the Opposition—the Tories, the Liberal Conservatives, the section of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, the Manchester party—are severally rendered incapable of taking office both by their numerical weakness and the blunders which they have committed; and it is difficult to see how a combination of sufficient strength can be effected on any honest ground. Ambitious politicians may be ready to play the game of hazard, and create confusion in hopes that it may turn to their own account. But the country is not ready for this sort of thing, and would certainly reprobate it if it were attempted. Good citizens and sober-minded men out of Parliament, however little wedded to the present Ministry, are not at all desirous of seeing all constitutional government disgraced by reckless displays of selfish faction and a perpetual flux of ephemeral Administrations. The pear seems fast ripening under the warm influence of excessive prosperity; and the time, perhaps, may be not far distant when it will fall into the hand of any statesman who possesses in a tolerable degree the confidence of the country. But evil will befall, as evil has before befallen, any ambition which attempts to pluck it before the time. We must resign ourselves at present, so far as we can see, to a continuance of the PALMERSTON Government. But it will be the duty of the members of the House of Commons to see that, as fortune and the faults of all sections of the Opposition have given us a Dictatorship, its power shall be used for the public good.

THIRTY YEARS OF IMPROVEMENT IN INDIA.

THE East India Company has just issued a "Memorandum of Improvements in the Administration of India during the last Thirty Years," which will probably take some of its friends by surprise, quite as much as its adversaries. People who have any vivid conception of the situation of the English in India, are apt to suppose that the mere movement of the administration and preservation of the peace by such a handful of men, create in themselves so sound a title to our respect as to make it unnecessary to go further for tributes to the Company's Government. They are inclined, therefore, to deny that improvement is the proper test of its services to humanity, and to assume that it does wonders enough in making the best of the machinery which it found ready to its hand. Yet, in fact, this Memorandum shows that the East India Company can afford to be judged quite as much by the ameliorations it has effected as by that vast amount of practical good which strong sense, devotedness, and strict justice can always elicit even from

the worst of administrative systems. We shall not attempt to abstract the document before us, which is penned, indeed, in the same terse and clear English which rendered the Company's Petition a model of compendiousness. Commending, therefore, to our readers this long list of laws amended, taxation lightened, administration simplified, superstition checked, barbarism softened, staples introduced and encouraged, and public works carried out on a scale of Egyptian vastness, we proceed to notice one or two points which have a bearing on the revolution in Indian Government which Lord PALMERSTON seems determined to precipitate.

The Memorandum, setting out with the position that "the history of the Revenue Administration of India is the history of its landed property and of the economical condition of the whole agricultural population," recapitulates shortly the curious history of those ruinous mistakes, committed with the purest intentions, which were the firstfruits of English ignorance of an alien civilization. The discovery of the Village Community as the only true organization of which the Hindoo race is capable, was like the first glimpse of a great truth in a course of physical experiment. Since then, everything has been clear, and every change has been for the better. It is not cotton-growing, or commerce, or roads, or irrigation-canals, or the suppression of crimes, which constitutes the happiness and prosperity of any part of India. It is the degree in which the Village Community has been restored to its ancient sphere. The Memorandum details the little-known, but most interesting attempts, which, since the full establishment of the Village Community in the North-Western Provinces, have been made to engraft this organization on the far inferior ryotwar system of the Southern Presidencies. We fervently wish the British public could be made alive to the fact that the great Revenue Settlement of Mr. R. M. BIRD in the North-west, and the beneficent modifications of less meritorious arrangements which it has produced, are exactly the measures most imperilled by Lord PALMERSTON's Bill. The new Indian Constitution, however nicely modelled on the existing system, will perhaps immediately—and ultimately beyond a doubt—make a vast addition to the power of the planters and traders of European blood. Now, as to the views of this class on the landed system of India, there can be no question. They abhor the Village Community. They dislike the less beneficent, yet not unkindly Ryotwar tenure of Madras and Bombay. They have set their affections on the Permanent Settlement of Bengal—the pernicious result of Lord CORNWALLIS's unlucky predilection for the feudal institutions of England. This arrangement, which every well-wisher to India would trample down to-morrow if good faith would let him, is to be extended over the whole Peninsula, because it happens to lend itself to a grand exploitation of the country by cotton-planters and indigo-growers. Carthage herself never plotted a more nefarious conspiracy to sell up the happiness of a people.

"The history of the judicial Administration of British India," says the Memorandum, "bears a striking analogy to that of the Revenue Administration. It began with well-intended, but premature and ill-considered measures, which produced many evils and but a small part of the good which their authors expected from them. When experience had disclosed the faults of the system at first adopted, similar errors were avoided, and a better system introduced into our later acquisitions; while palliatives of great value, though falling short of the full exigencies of the case, were adopted in the older provinces. Last came the plans, now in an advanced stage of their progress, for effecting a complete reform." In fact, when the English rulers of India commenced the greatest of all their undertakings, the administration of strict and even justice among a people corrupted by ages of judicial iniquity, they themselves were suffering from a system at home which was a dishonour to their civilization. Considering the ideas then current on the subject of the English common-law, and of the procedure by which it was applied, it is perhaps wonderful that any relaxation of the special pleaders' rules was thought desirable in India. The courts first established were a little, but only a little, less embarrassed with technicalities than the Common Pleas or the Exchequer; and as it was at first thought inexpedient (indeed it was impossible) to employ native agency, the number of tribunals was exceedingly inadequate to the necessities of the country. But so many improvements have since then been effected in civil judicature that, but for the mutiny, it is probable that law would have been, at this moment, much more speedily,

cheaply, and satisfactorily administered in India than it is in England. The original jurisdiction in civil suits having been confided to natives, and the Courts of Appeal reserved to Europeans, the tribunals have been sufficiently multiplied. The criminal law has been codified, and, but for influences external to the East India Company and its servants, would now be in force over India in its consolidated form. A code of procedure has been prepared, and was passing through the Legislative Council when the outbreak occurred. The civil law still exists only in the Sanscrit originals, but the foundations of a civil code are laid, and a few years of conscientious labour would go far to complete it. But all this improvement, which in England would constitute the millennium of Law-Reformers, is in jeopardy from the increased power of the non-official Anglo-Indian minority. They repudiate the codes. They look with scorn and hatred on the benevolent prospect of having one law for India. They abominate the judicial employment of natives. Their favourite scheme is the introduction of the English common-law, with a swarm of English barristers to apply it judicially. A Hindoo advocate, arguing in broken English a point of special pleading which has arisen on a conflict between the Institutes of Menu and the Statute of Frauds, is in their view "the perfection of human reason."

At the end of the long series of reforms recited by the Memorandum come a series of measures justly applauded by the authors of this document "as among the most interesting, and the most honourable to our Government, which have distinguished the present century." The successful attempts to protect and civilize the oppressed races are remarkable, because, depending as they did on intimate knowledge of the native character and warm sympathy with even the most degraded of the native families, they could never have been effected by men who either disregarded or contemned the idiosyncrasies of their dark-skinned fellow-creatures. If an Englishman thinks and talks of a Hindoo as a Nigger, what will be his ideas of a Bheel or a Khoond? It is no extravagant praise to say that the deeds of the missionaries who planted Christianity in Eastern and Northern Europe are the best parallel to the heroic adventures of certain servants of the Company among these unfortunate hill-tribes. Alone and unarmed some of them penetrated into fastnesses which had proved inaccessible to disciplined troops, and which were filled with savages who for more than a thousand years have been literally treated as wild beasts by the natives of the plain. "In no single instance," says the Memorandum, "has this policy (consisting in nothing but courage, frankness, and persuasion) failed. The agricultural colonies composed of these people have all prospered, and the districts which they formerly devastated have become, and remained, among the most free from crime to be found in India. In the late disturbances, not one of the corps composed of these people is known to have mutinied. The Mhairwarra battalion, (composed of reclaimed Mhairs) is, in the present crisis, a valuable part of our military local strength." The facts are the more remarkable because, if the government of our Crown dependencies has been unsuccessful in one thing more than another, it is in its dealings with savage tribes. The Caffres in the Cape, the aborigines in Australia, are a disgrace either to the statesmanship or to the humanity of Downing-street. Wisdom and folly are not farther apart than the policy of the Company and a policy which oscillates violently between deference to the indiscretion of missionaries and deference to the ferocity of English colonists.

ACCOMMODATION BILLS.

NOTWITHSTANDING that there is a Reform Bill of some sort to be discussed, and, we suppose, to be passed, and an India Bill to be hurried through, or backed-out of, as the temper of Parliament may determine, it is not to be expected that the state of commercial affairs which led to the late panic will be altogether forgotten in the present Session. The causes of the mischief have been so universally recognised, that the promised inquiry before the Committee of the House of Commons can give us little information which we do not already possess. The difficulty—and it is no small one—will be in determining the treatment which may prevent a recurrence of similar disasters, or at least diminish their frequency and the violence of their symptoms. All agree in attributing the severity of the late distress to one

and the same cause. A false prosperity had been built on rotten foundations—its two main pillars being the prevalent use of accommodation bills by unscrupulous traders, and the dangerous facilities given by the Joint-Stock Banks to every kind of speculation. These being the admitted sources of the evil, the question which Parliament will have to consider is, whether it can apply a remedy—and, if so, by what means it may most effectually check practices which are undermining the stability of commerce. There are always to be found politicians who are for putting down every ascertained evil by a direct application of Legislative power. We have Maine Law fanatics, who would abolish drunkenness by prohibitive legislation; and it is not surprising that, under present circumstances, an equally stringent interference should be called for to prevent the not less mischievous intemperance of speculation. Some of the proposed remedies, which have been loudly insisted on, seem to savour over much of the spirit of the teetotal platform. Prohibit dram-drinking, says the advocate of water. Prohibit accommodation-paper under the severest penalties, say the commercial reformers. We so far sympathize with these desires that we should be rejoiced if labouring men would cease to frequent gin-shops, and not less glad if the whole commercial body would religiously abstain from soiling their fingers with accommodation-paper. But we cannot jump at once to the conclusion that the desired end is to be attained in either case by the direct action of penalties and prohibitions. It is a favourite argument of the *Times*—or at least of the City department of that many-sided journal—that drawing an accommodation bill is tantamount to forgery, and that Parliament ought to make it a criminal offence to concoct a Bill nominally for value received, but really for the mere purpose of raising money on the joint names of the drawer and acceptor without any present consideration having passed between them. No one can estimate more highly than we do the enormous mischief which results from practices of this kind; and it is precisely because we do think accommodation-paper an absolute abomination in commercial matters that we do not wish to weaken the case against those who use it, either by exaggerating the quality of their offence, or by recommending impossible measures of restriction. Now we take it to be quite clear that the evil cannot be dealt with in the summary way proposed. No legislation on the subject can be tolerated which would diminish the negotiability of bills drawn in due form when once they have come into the hands of an innocent holder. All business would come to a stand if every one who took a bill in payment, or discounted it for a customer, were bound at his own peril to ascertain whether the value purporting to be received were real or nominal. When once the document has begun to circulate in the veins of commerce, it must be recognised as a regular negotiable instrument.

But the Bill, it is said, may be acknowledged, and at the same time its fabricators may be punished. This is true in theory, and only in theory. If it were possible to frame a definition of accommodation-paper which would be certain not to include any kind of legitimate mercantile bill, we should have no objection to the suggested penal statute. But this is out of the question. Any one can describe an extreme case like those of which so many have recently come to light, where a firm keeps, as part of its establishment, an accepting clerk, or a choice variety of agents always ready to give their signatures at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; and perhaps it would be possible to frame a law to meet this particular form of swindling. But to define accommodation-paper with the precision required in a criminal statute is, and always will be, an utter impossibility. Mere technical difficulties may be got over by the skill of the draftsman, but there is more than this to be coped with. We could put a thousand cases as to which no merchant would venture to say where the line between legitimate and illegitimate paper should be drawn. They slide into each other by imperceptible degrees.

The fact is, that the mischief is by no means confined to bills given without value received. When a bill is given in the ordinary course, the operation is of a twofold character. There is a purchase of goods, and at the same time a loan of the price by the seller to the buyer for the term for which the bill is to run. The amount of the borrowing is equivalent to the amount of the trade purchase, and to this extent it is considered legitimate to borrow, because it may ordinarily be presumed that a trade of commensurate magnitude

will supply the acceptor with the means of meeting his liabilities. In the ordinary case of an accommodation bill, there is a loan without any corresponding trade operation, and to borrow under such circumstances is considered discreditable, because it is a practice which must, if continued, sooner or later end in bankruptcy. What the commercial world would gladly get rid of is the practice of borrowing beyond the legitimate wants of a properly conducted business. It is quite immaterial how this is done, and accommodation bills are only one class of expedients for the purpose. It is very easy and very common for a man to make a real purchase on credit, for the sole purpose of raising money, which he does by selling for cash the goods bought and paid for by a bill. In what respect is such a document better than one for which no value passed? And yet how could it be distinguished by any legal definition from the most regular paper of the most scrupulous house of business? The maxim which must rule in all legislation against evils of this kind is, that it is useless to try to suppress them by imposing penalties on one particular form only of the objectionable practice. It is a serious evil that traders with more courage than honesty will borrow, in a thousand ways, far more than they are ever likely to repay. But is any one prepared to put down these practices by prohibiting all operations of mere borrowing and lending, without which commerce cannot go on? If not, it is vain to imagine that a man who is prevented from borrowing by an accommodation acceptance will not find some other equally efficacious way of raising money.

A distinction is, indeed, attempted to be made between these various methods of excessive borrowing, by saying that an accommodation bill is in fact a forgery; but this is not very accurate in itself, and certainly is not capable of being made the basis of legislation. It is not exactly true that there is anything akin to forgery in the case. Nine times out of ten, the money-dealer who discounts a bill drawn by A. on his friend B, can guess very well whether any consideration passed between them. He takes the bill on the general credit of the two names, which, though it may be affected very materially by their being habitually engaged in such transactions, depends very little on the circumstance that the bill brought for discount is drawn for the purpose of a loan, and not of a purchase. Even supposing, therefore, that the discounter is misled as to the fact, the bill is none the worse to him. He does not take it on the faith of the "value received" which it bears on its face, and does not care whether that be a true or a false statement. He knows that those words are put in because the law insists upon that form being used to give negotiability to the instrument, and if he found that there was no substance behind the form, he would not dream of considering himself the victim of a forgery. The gravamen of the offence is, that a borrowing transaction is carried out in such a manner as to lead the world to believe that it was accompanied by a trade dealing. But the same wrong is done by every man who borrows beyond what his capital and the state of his business will justify; for no one thinks it a crime to keep his loan transactions as secret as he can. We ought to look somewhat beyond this device of accommodation paper, and consider how such reckless traders may be discouraged, whatever the machinery by which they conduct their operations, rather than prohibit one form of their dishonesty, and thus give a tacit sanction to every other. We should gain very little indeed if every speculator bent upon raising the wind were forced to make his bill a lawful document by buying goods he did not want, and converting them at once into the cash which was the object of the whole transaction.

No one can reflect a moment on the subject, without seeing the futility of any measures of repression of the kind that we have referred to. They are not merely impracticable but mischievous, for they direct attention to the wrong quarter, and cover the escape of those with whom it may perhaps be easier to deal. Assuming that excessive borrowing is what we want to prevent, it seems to follow that the lenders, and not the borrowers, the rich, and not the needy—powerful firms, and not disreputable gamblers—are the persons against whom our efforts should be directed. It is the man who keeps the roulette table rather than the rake who frequents it, whom the law ought diligently to seek out and control; and we should think little of the wisdom of an Act of Parliament which aimed at suppressing hells by punishing those who visited them, and letting the establishments themselves go on without interruption. So, too, if

kite-flying is to be substantially checked, it will be by diminishing the banking facilities which render it possible, and not by imposing easily evaded prohibitions upon reckless adventurers and ingenious rogues.

HEADS OR TAILS.

PITCH and toss is an amusing and not extravagant pastime. If played with coolness and perseverance, it is a game out of which a large amount of excitement may be derived at a moderate expense. If a man has the moral courage and self-possession to call "tails" long enough, the odds are pretty near equal that he will gain at least as much as he loses. This particular diversion is one for which journalism often affords a highly favourable field. To say of any given event that it will prove unfortunate, or of any particular man that he will turn out ill, is a sort of prediction which the course of fate is tolerably sure to bring to pass, in some instance or other, if the number of events or individuals to whom it is applied is only sufficiently large. The *Times* has a great knack at this game of odd and even. It tells us, with the noisy exultation of a parturient and triumphant hen, that it cried "Tails" when General ASHBURNHAM was sent out to China; and, sure enough, "Tails it is." Now, we have neither favour towards General ASHBURNHAM nor disfavour towards the *Times*. We notice them both only as illustrating the manners and customs of the age. Whether the cause which is alleged by the *Times* for the return of General ASHBURNHAM from the East is the true one or no, we have no means of accurately ascertaining. We can only hope, for the credit of the English army, that it may prove incorrect; for conduct more unworthy of an English officer, at such a moment, we can hardly conceive. It is not our function to judge General ASHBURNHAM on the information before us. We hope that those to whom that office belongs may do their duty without partiality or favour.

We cannot, however, permit the *Times* to glorify itself for the prescience which it displayed in denouncing, in May, an offence which was only to be consummated in December. We can hardly think that our objection to the remarks which were made on the GENERAL at the moment of his setting out for China, is at all affected by his departure from India some eight months afterwards. If a man chose to take his stand at Charing-cross, and publicly announce his opinion that every individual who passed him was a rogue, it is not improbable that, in some case out of the thousands submitted to his friendly criticism, the reports of the Bankruptcy Court or the Police Station might sooner or later verify his assertion. If our prophet professed only to rely on his unerring sagacity in the science of physiognomy, we should have the same confidence in his infallibility as we conceded to the celebrated Mr. MURPHY, who unquestionably foretold the coldest day. But if an inspector-general of mankind told us that a particular person was certainly a thief because, to his certain knowledge, he had on a particular day stolen an apple, and if we happened to know that this was not the truth, our opinion of the assertion would not be the least affected by the fact that, some time afterwards, the same individual picked a pocket. Now, the *Times*, six months ago, chose to say that General ASHBURNHAM was an unfit man to command the Chinese troops. If a man thinks proper to hazard an opinion on a subject which he knows nothing about, there is no more to be said than that he does it at the risk of his credit and character. It will probably now be admitted that the leading journal would have been more discreet not to have held Sir COLIN CAMPBELL up to scorn in the Crimea as a "hero laid up in lavender." But the *Times* was not content with pledging its opinion that General ASHBURNHAM was a bad officer—it gave its reasons for the assertion. We were told specifically that the allegation was founded on the fact that "he commanded a Brigade at 'Chillianwallah,' and on that occasion showed a want of 'promptitude and ability.'" This charge was sufficiently refuted at the time by proving, first, that General ASHBURNHAM was not at the battle of Chillianwallah at all; and secondly, that the charge of his having shown want of promptitude and ability on the only occasion to which the writer could be supposed to refer, was wholly without foundation. We must still repeat that our opinion of the impropriety of judgments founded upon statements which are absolutely untrue, is not in the least altered by subsequent events. For our part, we never undertook to say that General ASHBURNHAM was a good officer, for the best of

all reasons—and one which applied to the *Times* equally with ourselves—that we knew nothing about it. What we did protest against was the unfairness of holding up an officer actually in command of a British army to public contempt as having behaved ill in an action at which he was not present. There is another feature in the matter which strikes us as singular in the extreme—viz., that with the opinion which the *Times* freely expresses of the manner in which the patronage of the Horse Guards is dispensed, it should be labouring with all its might to transfer the whole management of the Indian army into the hands of a department of whose discrimination and impartiality it entertains so unfavourable an idea. We cannot, however, entirely acquiesce in the claim of infallibility on the part of that journal when we remember that, of all the officers in the Crimea, the favourite of the War Department in Printing-House Square was General WINDHAM. When we contrast the vindictive tone of exultation which triumphed over the lapse of General ASHBURNHAM, and the judicious reticence which covers the disaster of Cawnpore, we do not feel sure that favouritism is a vice to be found only in Whitehall. Our "Own Correspondents" seem to have a sort of nepotism peculiarly their own; and to be on the right side of the books of the *Times* may be a road to promotion not less easy, and sometimes not more meritorious, than that which is trod by the PHIPSES.

But before we can altogether allow the title which our great contemporary seems so anxious to set up of being a successful gambler in reputations, it will be well to examine the *per contra* account. "Tails," cried the *Times*, for General ASHBURNHAM, and "Tails it is," shouts the caller, with delight. But, fortunately for the country, the *Times* does not always win the toss. Now and then an Englishman will come up "heads" in spite of the leading journal. In the same column, just above the paragraph which announced the return of General ASHBURNHAM, appeared a letter which might, we should have thought, have read the *Times* a lesson on the subject of successful denunciations. Every one remembers the case of Mr. J. P. GRANT. Last November we called attention to the extreme rashness and injustice of the language employed by the *Times* against a distinguished public servant upon information evidently most untrustworthy. We quote the following extracts from the article, on which we then remarked:—

Thus it is plain that the proclamation of a few days before has not been allowed to remain a dead letter. A civilian, ignorant of military usages and military requirements, has arrived in camp to supersede the authority of the generals at their own head-quarters. And what was the place chosen for the first display of imbecile mercy? It was Cawnpore; where the streets are still red with the blood of our slaughtered women and children, and where the ground has just closed over their mangled remains. General Neill had taken 150 prisoners from among the fiends who, a few weeks before, had tied English women down in the public ways to violate them, and had chopped little children into bits in an orgie of bloodthirstiness. But between justice and these wretched steps in a fine philanthropist from Calcutta. General Neill is not even left to exercise his judgment within the narrow limits of the proclamation, but Mr. Grant takes the command out of his hands, and directs, not merely that the offenders' punishment should be commuted to transportation, but that they should be absolutely and unconditionally set at liberty. When we have Nana Sahib with 30,000 savages between our force and the nearly exhausted force of Lucknow, is it not time to remonstrate sternly against the pusillanimous lenity of the Government. . . . Such blindness and perversity as have prompted the mission of Mr. Grant may perhaps have to be expiated by new calamities, and repaired by new achievements. The Civil Government of India may rest assured that, whenever the time comes for reviewing its conduct, it will find it no easy task to stem the current of popular feeling which has set so strongly against it. It need not aggravate the difficulties of its position by wantonly insulting the feelings of every man, whether soldier or civilian, who is engaged in fighting its battles.

Last Monday, as we have said, there appeared, just above the paragraph about General ASHBURNHAM, the following letter:—

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR—As head of the family of which Mr. John Peter Grant is a member, I am desirous of informing you that letters have been received from him by the last Indian mail, dated from Benares on the 31st of December, immediately after he became aware of the story relating to his having released 150 mutineers and interfered with General Neill. In regard to this he writes:—

"The answer is that there is not the slightest conceivable foundation for any part of the story. I have not released or pardoned a single person. No case about European soldiers assaulting mutineers, or rebels being released, or ordered to be released, ever occurred at all, either at Cawnpore or anywhere else. I never saw General Neill, nor had any relations with him of any sort, public or private, or any concern with any of his measures; and beyond thinking him a very fine fellow, and expressing my opinion of him frequently, I have never taken a part in anything relating to him, or had an opportunity of doing so."

My brother concludes his remarks on the calumnious charges which have been brought against him, with the following reflection:—

"It is, no doubt, a painful thing to be traduced in this way, but those over whom this tempest has burst, and who have suffered nothing worse than this, I hope temporary annoyance, have infinite reason for thankfulness."

Requesting that my communication may meet with an early insertion in your newspaper, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,

20, Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, Jan. 20.

W. P. GRANT.

Next morning we find an article in the *Times*, full of uproarious delight at General ASHBURNHAM having justified the estimate it had formed of him, but not one single word of apology or regret for having cast the most unjust and unfounded imputations on the character and conduct of Mr. GRANT. On the contrary, on Thursday, it publishes a further letter from that invaluable source of information, the Calcutta Correspondent, re-stating the charges on such grounds as these:—"The stories were universally believed here because, in the first place, it was known that all men, civil and military, in the North-Western Provinces, resented Mr. GRANT's appointment; secondly, it was perceived that his arrival stopped the executions which alone kept Benares in order; thirdly, he was believed to be the author of the clemency proclamations. I have no means, nor has any one, of ascertaining the fact; but from the evidence of the style, and some other circumstances, I believe it." This is fairness and impartiality with a vengeance! Two men are run down equally without reason or justice. A subsequent fault of the one is seized upon and paraded to justify the anticipatory condemnation, while the complete exculpation of the other is kept as far as may be in the background, or studiously explained away. This is, indeed, not only a game of pitch and toss with reputations, but it belongs to that particular form of the diversion which is subject to the rule, "Tails I win, heads you lose."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON DOCTOR ARNOLD.

THE last number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an article on *Tom Brown's School-days*, which we will leave its numerous readers to praise as it deserves. We only refer to it now because it contains, so far as we know, the first attempt to examine the real character and position of Dr. Arnold which has been made since his death. In the beautiful biography which Mr. Stanley wrote in the first feelings of sorrow, admiration, and regret, there is confessedly no attempt made to estimate or to criticise the subject of the story. We are left to draw our own deductions. Dr. Arnold's opinions are neither approved nor disapproved—his conduct is neither censured nor praised. The writer places himself in the position which he had so long occupied, of a pupil who would have thought it irreverent to note the shortcomings or the mistakes of his master. And no one has ever taken the trouble to supply the deficiency—either because the world did not think the deficiency a matter of much concern, or because the prestige attending Dr. Arnold's name has prevented those qualified to judge him from publishing any opinion respecting him. The *Edinburgh Reviewer*, however, treats Arnold as other men of equal eminence are ordinarily treated. He points out candidly and unreservedly what he considers Arnold's weak side; and we think what he says is well worth examining, not only because it enables us to form a more clear and correct conception of the character of a remarkable man, but also because there were points in Arnold's character which, if impartially viewed, are very instructive, but which can only be brought to light if Arnold is treated as a man whom it is equally open to censure or to praise.

We will briefly recapitulate the observations of the Reviewer so far as his review has to do with Dr. Arnold. Having described the general system of English public schools, he asks how Dr. Arnold was related to it. Whereas the essential character of public school education is that the school should be a miniature of the world without, so that boys trained in the one are fitted for the other, Dr. Arnold, he says, introduced into this education a spirit of alienation from the world, of impatience at the world's ways, and contempt for the world's opinion. "The special peculiarity of his character would seem to have been an intense and somewhat impatient fervour." And his eagerness to see things as he wished, and his intolerance of all that departed from the standard which he set before him, were, in one direction, positively injurious. "To make the boys morally thoughtful was with him the Law and the Prophets. The total want of humour which characterized him prevented him from seeing that much of what he considered awful wickedness was mere fun, and that it was far less desirable than possible to turn boys into men before their time." In a very spirited and graphic passage the Reviewer describes the practical effects of this on the elder boys. "When a youth of this stamp hears from such a man as Arnold, the sort of half truths which he communicated to his sixth-form boys, he receives them as the very fulfilment of his dreams. His master, the object of his idolatry, delegates to him the combined authority of the priest and the prophet. If there is evil in the house, he is to hate it, to preach to it, and finally, to take a cane and thrash it in the name of the Lord, an exercise which gratifies the old Adam, while it gives a grim satisfaction to the new." And so the Reviewer goes on, through many more sentences, illustrating in varied language, the effect of putting on young shoulders the burden of moral thoughtfulness. And, if there was a factitious importance given under Arnold's system to the motives of action, so there was a factitious solemn aspect in which actions themselves were viewed.

The instance chosen by the Reviewer is the suppression of a custom by virtue of which the fags were made to cultivate the garden of the sixth-form boys, on a certain island in the school-close. Tom Brown is penetrated with wonder at the wisdom of the devices by which the abuse was done away with, whereas the Reviewer thinks that it would have been just as easy, and much more simple, for Dr. Arnold to have at once forbidden the continuance of a custom which he disapproved of. The fault lies perhaps, rather with Tom Brown than with Arnold. We do not suppose that Arnold conceived that he was doing the great thing which the writer, who is too apt to look at the events of his youth through Mr. Kingsley's spectacles, attributes to him. But still the general proposition of the Reviewer remains, we think, incontestable, that the Rugby system was in one sense a high-pressure system, and an invasion on the old theory of public-school education.

The remark that Arnold was deficient in humour gives the key to a great part of his character. Humour, we are told by psychologists, consists in a vivid sense of the disparity and incongruity between man's ultimate destiny—his position as a reasoning, a responsible, and an immortal being—on the one hand, and his pettiness, his foibles, his absorbing interest in the minutiae of daily life, on the other. Arnold recoiled from the lower side of life—he could not bear with the small follies and trivialities of men. He wished everything to be as men picture the world to themselves, when they temporarily regard it under the influence of their higher thoughts only. Ordinary men soon return to common working life, and to the feelings and habits which this life engenders, and the instinct which guides them to do this is what we call common sense. A reflective man, who also returns to daily life and vulgar thoughts, but who retains a vivid impression of his deeper thoughts, and feels the contrast keenly, but is struck with the oddity of it rather than with sadness, is a humorist. But the men who, if measured by the range of thought over which humour extends, are narrow because they cannot preserve the balance of their minds and accept the smallness and vileness of ordinary existence, are the men who often influence the world most, who impress themselves most fixedly on their fellows, and add most largely to the vein of thought which feeds the moral life of society. They are intense because they are one-sided, and intensity is more powerful than humour. The world puts its own interpretation on their teaching, and brings it within the possibilities of actual life; but still it receives this teaching, and abides by it, unless other teaching comes to supersede it. If Dr. Arnold had been a good man, but also a humorous one, he would probably have avoided victimizing his elder boys by subjecting them to all that was absurd in the theory of moral thoughtfulness; but he would also, probably, have failed to give that impression of reality and intensity which worked on his pupils, and lay at the bottom of their admiration for him. The world reasonably complained that his pupils behaved as if they were privileged people; but it was quite true that they had enjoyed a privilege, for they had seen daily for some years one of the rarest of sights—a man with an intense hatred of evil, and an intense love of good.

This intensity depends for the direction which it assumes on the concomitant qualities of the mind, and especially on those affections, instincts, or habits of thought which are termed moral sympathies. Arnold hated ecclesiasticism with such a bitterness of hatred that he could only describe his feelings towards the heads of a party in the English Church to which he was opposed by saying that he should like to be left to fight it out with them in a saw-pit. And yet there was a point on which he very nearly approached the ecclesiasticism which he hated. He evidently took up his Church theory in much the same spirit, and by much the same mental process, as his opponents took up their Church theory. The notion of a Christian State with the politics of Aristotle and the ethics of St. Paul, exactly fitted into the groove of his mind, and he insisted on believing it to be true and possible. Nor would it be difficult to apply the high-pressure system of education to the purposes of his adversaries. If we can suppose a large school, with a plan of constant surveillance, elaborate contrivances for putting the names of boys in different-coloured books according to their behaviour, arrangements to carve out the way of spending every hour of the day, and sermons on the meat at dinner being bad or good, it might be very plausibly maintained that this was a parody of Rugby under Arnold. But Arnold's moral sympathies were of the highest and noblest kind. He had a passionate love for truth, liberty, and honesty. He panted after all that was large and generous. He had a boylike fondness for pathetic stories and gallant deeds. His animal spirits were excellent, and he had a genuine pleasure in physical exercise, and in sports and games of all kinds. The consequence was, that there was a counterbalancing element which prevented Arnold's theories and his proneness to moral exaggeration from working as they would have worked if he had been a cold or formal man. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* was not called upon to notice this element in Arnold's character, because he was only speaking of Tom Brown, who not only over-admired, but even magnified the other side of Arnold's mind. But no correct notion can be formed of what Arnold meant by moral thoughtfulness, unless we take into consideration the fact that, along with the inculcation of a scrupulous solemnity of character, there was the hourly exhibition of the frankest, freest impulses towards every form

of goodness, an almost personal love for all heroic men, and the most constant tenderness and consideration for any weakness that he did not consider to indicate a want of manliness. Very often from these two sides of his character proceeded what must seem a contradiction to those who only know him by books. The Reviewer selects an excellent instance. In *Tom Brown*, Arnold is represented as interested and enthusiastic about the school games. The Reviewer quotes from Mr. Stanley's biography a letter in which Arnold expresses a very different feeling, and says, that "when the spring and activity of youth is altogether unsanctified by anything pure and elevated in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is as dizzying, and almost more morally distressing, than the shouts and gambols of a set of lunatics." "No one," continues the Reviewer, "would discover from Tom Brown that these were Dr. Arnold's feelings;" and yet Tom Brown did but paint from the life. As a matter of fact, Arnold was extremely fond of all boyish sports, heartily interested in the games of the school, and very anxious that physical as well as moral courage should be stimulated among his boys. But when he came to think quietly and write confidentially about such matters, the sympathies which real life called into play were dormant. He looked at boyish games with that highly wrought seriousness which belongs to a man whose thoughts are intensely set on things above, and who has not that power of shaping into a whole the vulgar and the sublime, the natural and the supernatural, which we call wisdom or humour, according as the judgment or the imagination predominates.

This union of a narrow intensity in forming the bases of belief and establishing the first principles of action, with noble and wide sympathies also showed itself in Arnold's literary works. They charm by the beauty of their style, by the earnestness with which the author cleaves to his convictions, and, above all, by the spirit of purity, of generosity, and high feeling which they breathe. But they have all one marked characteristic—they show that the author had a strong love for truth, but a weak love for evidence. Arnold could not bear the attitude of doubt, the distrust of his own judgment, the balancing of nice probabilities which is the weary work of every one who cares for evidence. It is one thing to say, at all hazards, that which we really think, and another to sift minutely the grounds on which our belief rests. Arnold wrote on very difficult, and sometimes dangerous, subjects, and he would have gone to the stake rather than have concealed a single one of his opinions; but when he came to a great intellectual difficulty, he trusted for its solution to his moral sympathies. He wrote the history of early Rome, not by means of that laborious and impartial examination of authorities, entirely careless as to the result at which it arrives, which is so distasteful to the human mind that we can scarcely wonder at the small number of trustworthy historians, but by means of an ardent admiration for Niebuhr's moral character. He sympathized so heartily with the tone in which the great German wrote, that he would not venture to differ from him as to the origin of the Etrusci.

So, too, no historical writer of the present day has carried to so great a degree as Arnold the passion for that most fertile source of delusion—historical parallels. It exactly suited him to judge of men by the community of their supposed sympathies, and to group together events so as to make them teach the same lesson. If we examine the evidence, historical parallels generally fade away. The circumstances are only superficially the same, and their adjuncts are entirely different. The consequence is, that Arnold's histories are already almost forgotten. Among his writings none are at all likely to live except his sermons. They will live, because they express his mind as it showed itself in a sphere which it could properly seize on. Appreciation of evidence is not necessary for a good sermon—a sensible treatment of the little things of daily life is not necessary. What is wanted is intensity of conviction, fearlessness, frankness, and simplicity; and all these Arnold had in a degree beyond, perhaps, any of his generation.

DR. McNEILE AND MR. GENT.

A CASE has recently occurred at Liverpool which, as it illustrates a subject of some legal importance and large social consequences, demands more attention than it has received. Not being noticed at all in the *Times*, and but scarcely in other metropolitan papers, we cannot depend upon the familiarity of our readers with its details, which we take from what seems to be a full and accurate report in the *Liverpool Mercury*.

The Rev. R. A. Gent, a clergyman of some years' standing, and who had served with distinction, and what is called "acceptableness," in several curacies in the north of England, became, in the summer of 1855, curate of St. Paul's, Toxteth Park, Liverpool—a Church of which the well-known Dr. Hugh McNeile is the incumbent. He seems to have enjoyed the entire confidence of his rector, and curate-like to have done the whole work of the place. He is a married man, and a poor man, having nothing but his stipend to live upon. Late in the year 1856, Dr. McNeile received an anonymous letter reflecting upon Mr. Gent, and entering largely upon a vindication of the character, acquirements, and social influence in injuring Mr. Gent, possessed by one Gilpin, the master of the boys' school attached to St. Paul's. This anonymous letter Dr. McNeile, in the legal inquiry of which we

shall presently have to speak, assures the world that he has entirely forgotten; but, as appears in evidence, he at the time, in a letter which was produced in the investigation, begged his curate to take no notice of it. Matters went on till the autumn of 1857, when rumours were scattered of various serious charges against Mr. Gent. It was whispered that he was an habitual drunkard, both at his own house and in the vestry; that he had pilfered the sacramental wine and consumed it in intoxication; that he constantly entered the school-room drunk; that he had been seen staggering drunk in the streets of Liverpool; that he had been guilty of gross familiarity and indecencies with his female servants; that he had taken indecent liberties with a female church-cleaner of St. Paul's in the vestry of the church, one Elizabeth Powell; and that, by his general life and conduct, he had brought great scandal on the Church. It was especially reported that he was in the habit of drinking to excess with several members of the congregation, male and female, and that he had written a highly improper letter to a young lady, also a member of the congregation. These rumours were brought to Dr. McNeile's notice, who declined to investigate them, but summoned Mr. Gent to resign his curacy. As to the charges themselves, Dr. McNeile was entirely mute. He neither believed nor disbelieved them, nor would he take the trouble to go into them. Mr. Gent must resign—within six months—but still he must resign. If he resigns, he can get another curacy. "By adopting this course you will avoid that description of publicity and appearance of contentiousness against your incumbent's wishes, which could have no other effect ultimately than to increase your difficulties in finding another incumbent willing to receive you as a curate." This course Mr. Gent respectfully declines to take; whereupon Dr. McNeile suspends him from all clerical functions in the Church. Without consulting the Bishop of Chester, Dr. McNeile does an act utterly illegal, which a Bishop ventures upon only in the gravest emergency. Mr. Gent then appeals to the Bishop—an influential body of the congregation demand of Dr. McNeile a formal investigation—and at length the Bishop, at Mr. Gent's instance, issues the preliminary commission under 4 & 5 Victoria, the Church Discipline Act, to five clergymen to inquire whether there is *prima facie* ground of proceeding further against Mr. Gent. This Commission sat for five days last week at Liverpool; and at the conclusion of the evidence for Mr. Gent, Mr. Deighton, the advocate of the promoters of the suit (who are the churchwardens acting officially) abandons the charge. The Commissioners of course unanimously decide that there is not sufficient *prima facie* ground for further proceedings; and Mr. Gent is, amidst a hurricane of applause, carried out of court on the shoulders of the sympathizing crowd, and his car is dragged in triumph by the populace to his house. A large sum has, moreover, already been raised in Liverpool towards defraying the heavy expenses he has incurred in the proceedings.

The case is curious, first as an illustration of the working of the present Church Discipline Act—next, as a proof of what a base conspiracy, got up by the most despicable adherents of a certain religionism, can effect against a clergyman—and thirdly, for the revelations which it affords of the notions of moral right and wrong entertained by so famous a man as Dr. McNeile.

First of all, here is "the preliminary inquiry." It is not of the nature of a grand jury, nor of a criminal investigation at a police court. It is not *ex parte*, like the latter, nor secret, like the former; but it is, in some sense, judicial, yet not conclusive. It is conducted before five clergymen, without a legal assessor—the Chancellor of Chester, who presided, being an ecclesiastic—and therefore it is needless to say that evidence was taken in the loosest way. The witnesses were not excluded from the court; one of them, Dr. McNeile, was allowed to make speeches in the shape of explanations; and throughout the partisans of either party hissed or cheered to their heart's content. It has been attended with enormous expense to the accused—Mr. Edwin James, Q. C., and Mr. Mansfield, being engaged for the defence, and a host of witnesses and solicitors having to be paid. And yet it is only a preliminary inquiry; and the accused, against whom there was not the shadow of a case, has to bear this ruinous charge—250*l.* being paid to Mr. James alone—with the satisfaction that he can, if he pleases, indict all the witnesses for perjury, though it does not appear that he can proceed against anybody else for a wrong quite as palpable as false swearing.

Who are the witnesses against Mr. Gent? One Ware, the sexton of St. Paul's, swears to the drunkenness in the church, and to the abstraction of the communion wine. Ware was, before his promotion to the sextonship, a Scripture-reader or town missionary, who, in the exercise of that religious calling, was in the habit of denouncing Mr. Gent as "an Arminian." Next comes Elizabeth Powell, pew-opener and church-cleaner at St. Paul's—a widow of fifty-four, who in early life had the misfortune to contribute a small instalment to the baptismal registry before she signed her name as a bride. She swears to the drunkenness in the vestry, and to the indecent liberties taken with her, the widow of fifty-four, in the vestry by the curate. Two other witnesses to Mr. Gent's alleged immoralities are his discarded female servants—discarded for impertinence, falsehood, and "flightiness"—the eldest of whom also happens to be a mother without having obtained the dignity of a wife. They swear that Mr. Gent was constantly drunk at home and had repeatedly committed acts of indecency towards them. M'Guire, a pew-opener of St. Paul's, testifies to the drunkenness in the street and the

perpetual wine-stealing and intoxication in the vestry. Gilpin, the schoolmaster of St. Paul's, swears that repeatedly, indeed systematically, Mr. Gent used to come into the school intoxicated, and that he constantly reeked of spirits "like a brandy shop." Finally, Dr. McNeile testifies to the rumours being brought before him, and that he treated them and Mr. Gent in the way we have already described.

What is the counter evidence? As regards the woman Powell, a painter is produced, who swears that he had seen her drink the vestry wine, and that she had offered him some. He volunteers also a little revelation of this buxom widow's character which we decline to repeat. As to sexton Ware, he is compelled to admit that, ever since Mr. Gent was curate at St. Paul's, he had a spite against him, because he (Ware) might, in the exercise of his duties as Scripture reader, have said that Mr. Gent was an Arminian. It is proved also that Ware was taking notes and making up accounts of the wine as early as 1856, with an especial view to future proceedings against Mr. Gent, at the instigation of "a Christian lady now dead and gone to heaven," which "Christian lady, if ever there was one, used to say, 'That man Gent is going on in a bad way.'" The evidence of the servant girls is contradicted by the most explicit witnesses as to time and place. The alleged improper letter to the young lady is disposed of by the production of the letter; and as to the schoolmaster Gilpin, it comes out that Mr. Gent had found fault with the instruction given at the school, which was so bad that the Government Inspector refused a certificate. And it is further proved by another Scripture-reader, M'Craken, that in consequence of the Inspector's report and Mr. Gent's dissatisfaction with the school, Gilpin had delivered himself of this truly pious sentiment to M'Craken—"I would go into hell, and through hell, to be revenged of Gent, and I will be revenged of him." Further evidence is given of Gilpin and Ware tampering with the female witnesses, getting up the whole case, and forwarding it in instalments to Dr. McNeile. This precious and pious schoolmaster's evidence as to the habitual drunkenness of Mr. Gent, so constantly observed by him in the boys' school, is clearly contradicted by the mistress of the girls' school through which Mr. Gent used to pass to the boys' room; for she never observed the slightest impropriety in his conduct. A cloud of evidence from the parties with whom Mr. Gent was "constantly drinking" disproves that part of the case; while the publican who supplied Mr. Gent with liquors proves that, beyond a solitary half-pint of brandy for his sick wife, the poor curate never afforded himself at home stronger or more plentiful potations than a pint of bitter ale per day.

The last aspect of the case is the most serious. This terrible conspiracy arose from sectarian and party hatred. It appears to have been got up by Ware and Gilpin—one the pious denouncer of Arminianism, and the other the "controversial" schoolmaster; and to these persons Dr. McNeile lent an ear. He received their evidence, declined to investigate the counter-evidence tendered by Mr. Gent, and even refused to see the other Scripture-reader, M'Craken, who was ready to give in private the testimony about Gilpin. But this is not all as regards Dr. McNeile. Incidentally it comes out in what way his parish is managed. He seldom visits the schools himself; and the parish work is conducted by such persons as the witnesses against Mr. Gent, every one of whom is in Dr. McNeile's confidence. They are the officials of St. Paul's; and to these persons, to use Mr. James's words—"to these schoolmasters, these town missionaries, these sextons, these pew-openers, these church-cleaners, banded together to ruin the reputation of Mr. Gent, and betaking themselves to Dr. McNeile for the purpose of trying to oust him, Dr. McNeile thought proper to lend his ear and his belief." All these slanders Dr. McNeile receives—slanders not only affecting Mr. Gent, but affecting a young lady, one of his flock, a Miss Smith—Mrs. Bushell, also one of his congregation—Dr. Gruggen, a professional man of eminence, and also one of the St. Paul's congregation; and though the counter-evidence is tendered to him, Dr. McNeile declines to do justice to Mr. Gent. He must resign—Mr. Gent must simply quit St. Paul's. Publicity, Dr. McNeile had a horror of. He is, as he says, with great truth, forced into the matter. The investigation before the clerical court he had tried to stave off by every expedient. He was only compelled to submit to it by the indignant remonstrances of his congregation, and Mr. Gent's threats laid before the Bishop. Whether Mr. Gent was guilty or not, Dr. McNeile was not anxious to know—all that he wanted was secrecy and a quiet resignation. It was nothing to him that if Mr. Gent went to another parish, he—the Incumbent of St. Paul's, Toxteth Park, Honorary Canon of Chester, and Proctor to Convocation—might probably be instrumental in sending to it one who, if rumour was right, was a disgrace not only to the Church but to human nature. A man with these charges, unrefuted and uninvestigated, hanging over him, Dr. McNeile had no compunction about sending to preach the gospel in any parish in England, so that it was not St. Paul's. Nor was it anything to Dr. McNeile that possibly the charges might be false. It never seems to have crossed the rector's mind what an agony of suffering his curate, if innocent, was enduring, or that it was in any way his duty to assist in vindicating the reputation of a slandered clergyman, or the traduced honour of the Church. Mrs. Gent, too, in delicate

health—who miscarried, and was nearly brought to death by the scandal—no more moved him than did Mr. Gent, the poor curate, whose only resource in life was his stipend. Dr. M'Neile cared not to vindicate the character of his brother and associate in the ministry, if innocent—he cared not to punish and expose a profligate who disgraced the Church of England, if guilty. Nay, he went further. So little did any of these considerations move Dr. M'Neile, that provided Mr. Gent would promise to resign his curacy in six months, he was perfectly willing that he should continue to minister at the altar, and in his own pulpit, guilty or innocent. One thing only, in Dr. M'Neile's judgment, incapacitated Mr. Gent from performing his clerical functions, and that was Mr. Gent's refusal to submit to Dr. M'Neile's desire to hush up the matter. Dr. M'Neile inhibits his curate from all clerical functions, not because he is a reputed thief, adulterer, and drunkard, but because he will not consent to a little job which was convenient to Dr. M'Neile's love of ease, and dislike to seeing publicity given to the inner life of St. Paul's. Hush up the matter—go and starve, or go and carry your foul and degraded ministrations elsewhere—only don't compromise me and St. Paul's. Well might Dr. M'Neile tremble and quake at this ugly revelation of the interior of his parish—a revelation which we may as well condense in Mr. James's indignant summary:—"What a spectacle does it afford of disunion, of malevolence, of slandering, of uncharitableness, of discord, of lying, in the district of St. Paul's! Scripture-readers, town missionaries, school-masters, sextons, pew-openers—each and all accusing his neighbour of lying and slandering! Is that true? Why, when they all agree in that, no man but can say they tell the truth; and what scandal to the church! Scandalous still more will it be if these foul calumniators, miscreants—for that is a term which they richly deserve—are still continued to teach the tender bud to blossom, the young idea to shoot; to train up in morality and Christian religion the youth of that district. Shame, shame will it be if after this investigation those in authority in that church do not at once and for ever discard the miscreants. Pained though I am by this exposure, nevertheless we may hope, and we may perhaps some of us feel assured, that it will not be without its good effects; that we shall find even in those whom it is not my province to instruct or teach, hereafter a little more of that cordial spirit of Christian charity and benevolence which should prevail in the breasts of all, and especially of those who rule in the church and who have power over their inferiors. It may awaken in all a sense of the danger in which they stand; it may lead those who are wanting in circumspection to be more circumspect, and possibly the result may be—which God grant—that friendliness, charity, and a spirit of Christian benevolence may more prevail in this town of Liverpool than for the last twenty years they have."

ESTHETICS OF THE WEDDING.

VERY seldom, we believe, has a ceremonial taken place in any country at which everybody was more in heart to be pleased than the marriage of England's daughter and Prussia's heir. Very seldom, accordingly, was there any easier opportunity presented to those in authority to arrange, with universal applause, a ceremonial which should fulfil the first requisite of ceremonial—namely, splendour. We are sorry to add, that there never was an opportunity of which so little use was made. Of course the daily journals, proud of the enjoyment of that admission within the *sanctum* of the Royal Chapel which they shared with so few of their fellow-subjects, gazed through *couleur de rose* spectacles (if not through those red curtains which, with exquisite vulgarity, the *Observer* says were hung up to hide their blushes), and wrote with peacock quills. Undoubtedly the actual aspect of the chapel at the moment of the wedding must have presented many features of beauty; for, happily, the Board of Works had not to furnish either the buffet of Royal plate, or the clustering galaxy of fair faces around. But in what that body did provide—the fittings and decorations of the structure—the deficiency was most painfully manifest. We shall not now waste our time with regrets that use was not made of Westminster Abbey. Let it suffice to remark that the tone of popular feeling ever since has shown that the managers of the marriage, in not having the courage to take a step which would have proclaimed their wish to make the ceremonial popular, manifested about as much tact as they displayed in their last endeavour to add moral weight to Cabinet Councils.

Let us grant that the convenient excuse for every kind of failure—precedent—stands good in this case, and that the little room which bears the high-sounding name of Chapel Royal was perforce the only possible habitat of that august function. What then? Common sense will answer—the utmost pains should have been taken to make it worthy of the occasion. But how was it to be made worthy? In one only way, of course—namely, decorating the building with a degree of splendour which would keep it in some proportion with the other features of the proceedings—Queens and Princesses, Princes and Prelates, plate of solid gold, and pearls as big as walnuts. In such cases there is literally no medium. Either a thing of the sort ought to be handsome throughout—"in keeping," as the phrase is—or it had better be left altogether out of the question. Either the whole affair was an "abomination," or else pomp and richness fitted one side of it as much as the other. Not

even the ingenuity of polemics could, in the present instance, discover anything to find fault with. Had the Chapel Royal received those decorations the use of which would have lasted beyond the immediate occasion of their adoption, then the persons who could be found to grumble might with far more force protest against the enduring and costly magnificence of another Chapel Royal, erected not many years since in a city of which in due time our Princess will be the Queen, and in a Palace of which she will be the mistress. As little can there be any dispute as to the style of art which ought to be selected. The Chapel, such as it is, is a building of the latest, it may be, and most debased era of Gothic. Still it is Gothic, and good taste therefore demands that the resources of Gothic art should not be wanting to its adornment. For good or for evil, it happens that, if there is one thing more than another which we know more about now than we did a quarter of a century before, it is this same matter of Gothic art. It is, therefore, wholly intolerable, if persons in authority, with ample means of acquiring at second hand that information which they ought themselves to possess if they are fit for their place, and with access to ample funds to work out that information, imagine that they are doing their duty by foisting upon the public rubbish to which popular ignorance gave currency years enough ago for those who were then unborn to be now winning golden opinions in the artistic world.

Enough has taken place in the interval to make it quite excusable for any one to have forgotten that most miserable temporary House of Lords which was run up in the old Painted Chamber after the fire of 1834. But, with the public exhibition of the Chapel Royal, every one may have the amplest opportunity of refreshing his memory by contemplating that much-lauded example of Imperial religious art. Every feature corresponds—the narrow room—the insufficient altar, recalling the shabby throne—the ball-room-like seats on either side—and the flimsy galleries of upholsterers' Gothic, which, for all we remember or forget, may or may not be the old properties brought out again, and furnished up with a little gold-leaf and cobalt. Of sacred emblem, or of heraldic achievement, there is as good as nothing. If these fittings are to be permanent, then they will permanently fall far short of the general run of new Dissenting chapels. If they are only for the day, the case is still worse; for decorations intended to serve the purposes of a day of historical note should symbolize that day in their appointments. In the very Chapel of the espousals, there was not a pendent banner nor a mural escutcheon to be seen. It was, of course, too much to anticipate that official taste could dream of covering the walls with any decoration one quarter as worthy as that which adorns the debating-room of a lot of young men at a University. But, at least, there were hangings of silks, or hangings of woollen, which might have been hired—which, we doubt not, many establishments would have been willing to lend on any reasonable terms, on the certainty of an assured market for them hereafter from private purchasers. Of course, however, the Board of Works never thought of this. One point at least we fancied was gained—the insertion of painted glass in the altar window of the Chapel; and we were sanguine enough to anticipate, from the flourish of trumpets with which the fact was announced, that in days when such artists in glass-painting as Hardman, Clayton and Bell, &c., are to be found, even the Chapel Royal might be endowed with work in that branch of art of not below the second-class of merit. Accordingly we stared, and we stared again; for all that we could at first discover, from the opposite end of the Chapel, was the prospect of the houses on the other side of the street, very little obscured by a sickly green medium. This sickly green medium, on a second inspection, proved to be a glazing of what is called quarry-glass—i. e., glass with a slight foliated ornament on it. Such is the glass which did duty at the Royal wedding, and will continue to fill the principal window of the chapel in an age when a special subscription for a painted east window forms a feature of nearly every new suburban district church.

From first to last, the whole distribution of the Chapel shows the absence of a controlling artistic mind. It is clearly the work of the upholsterer and of the builder, acting no doubt under official orders—not of the architect, at a time when there are so many architects able and willing to have performed their work *con amore* and successfully. In short, last year we lavished thousands upon a competition for Public Offices which may perhaps never be built; and, when hundreds were in question for a ceremonial of national popularity, we grudged those few pounds more which would have crowned the undertaking with success. Of the dressing of the residuary portions of the building—the ropes of evergreens and knots of satin—we have not patience to speak. They were better than nothing, as far as they went; but the solid magnificence of a ceremonial must have been scanty indeed when the tableau of the Imperial Palace had to be eked out by fulsome descriptions of that which every school tea-drinking and every benefit-club anniversary exhibits as a matter of course.

But here a practical question arises. We have heard for years past of Government Schools of Design, and of the "Department of Science and Art." John Bull has had to pay his small bill for what in consolation he nicknamed the "Brompton Boilers," but which Big-wigs designate by a much more awful appellation. Only last June, Royalty formally opened this Museum. Where are the fruits of all this lavish apparatus at the moment when

they would have been most useful? More than five years since, before the organization had attained its present full-blown pomp, in the days of a transitory Administration which strove to gain pity by the plea of having only a "humble" task to perform, on the occasion of a national pomp of a very different character—the Great Duke's funeral—Lord John Manners, the then Minister of Public Works, had the good sense to seek the direction of the ceremonial outside of his office, and place it in the hands of that eminent architect and artist, Mr. Cockerell; and he had the good taste to honour the School of Practical Design by selecting it to produce the funeral car. Why should we, now that we are under "magnificent" auspices, have, during the past *lustrum*, so far retrograded? One reason, however, is not difficult to discover—the ridiculous division which has been made of the artistic department of administration between the First Commissioner of Public Works and the Vice-President of Education. At the very outset of this *Review*, we denounced this flagrant absurdity, and we urged the necessity of one strong department of Science, Arts, and Architecture. Everything that has since occurred in the two departments in question—and both of them for the last year have been in a state of unusual simmer—has tended to confirm the justice of our position. The crowning climax of the perpetual blunder had to be, and has been, attained in the humiliating spectacle of a national pageant of the highest social, religious, and political importance entrusted to clerks and surveyors; while that costly bantling, the Kensington Art School, seems to have been wholly forgotten and put on one side through the pitiful antagonism of divided Departments and jarring counsels.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, we believe it to be true, that for many of the best productions which of late years have sustained the glorious traditions of intellectual culture in France, we are indebted to that very system of repression which condemns the tongue to silence, and the journal to insignificance or worse. For, on the one hand, the political inaction to which self-respect has doomed the master minds of France, affords leisure for literary activity which, under different auspices, would have been dedicated to different aims; and, on the other, books are the only available channels through which those Frenchmen who have not despaired of their country can give vent to sentiments which they are too honest to abandon, and too indignant to repress. There seems to be ground for apprehending that this last vehicle for free discussion may share the fate of the more usual organs of public opinion. But for the present books are not subjected to the same restrictions which fetter the newspaper and the periodical. It is probable that the French Government has hitherto been disinclined to visit with censure the undisguised sarcasm and antipathy contained in many of the more remarkable publications which have appeared since the *Coup-d'Etat*, by the reflection that such works are never read, like the newspaper, by those masses on whose suffrages the French Empire rests.

These considerations have been suggested to us by the publication of two volumes which deserve the foremost place in our *résumé*, bearing as they do the name of M. Villemain. With regard to the first, which consists of an *étude* on the life and times of Chateaubriand,* we can scarcely read two pages together without being reminded that the author is writing less a memoir than a manifesto. We are happy to find that the book is the first of a kind of series, as the reader will infer from the title, *La Tribune Moderne*. M. Villemain's object is to group together some of the most eminent public men who struggled in the cause of liberty and justice during the period immediately succeeding the first Empire. With living statesmen he does not propose to meddle; but the names of Burke, Fox, Canning, and Grey, in our own country, and of Lainé, De Serres, Foy, and Koyer Collard, in France, form a bill of fare sufficiently tempting. "Ce que j'ai prétendu avant tout rappeler," says M. Villemain in the preface, "c'est une époque à jamais illustre pour la France; c'est un noble exemple donné au monde, que le monde n'a pas oublié, et dont la puissance est visible autour d'elle dans les institutions affirmées du Piémont, de la Belgique, de la Hollande, de la Bavière, de la Prusse, et dans le regret ou le vau tout homme civilisé." Chateaubriand was born in the year 1768—the same year as Napoleon, Cuvier, and Wellington—and died in 1848. With shrewd dissection and impartial weighing of motives, M. Villemain follows his career from his cradle to the grave. We have his infancy and boyhood at home, at St. Malo—his travels in North America, and his interview with Washington—the hard straits he was put to as an *émigré*, in London—the kind offices he met with at the hands of M. de Fontanes—the rise and progress of the *Génie du Christianisme*—and his return to Paris in 1800. M. Villemain further describes his interview with Napoleon, who sagaciously seized on the advantage of enlisting on his side the great author of the religious revival in France—his departure to Rome as

Secretary of Legation in 1803—and all the petty intrigues and heartburnings in which he was mixed up till the murder of the Duc d'Enghien made him throw up his appointment. Then come his travels to the Holy Land, his admission to the Academy, his famous Philippic against Napoleon in the pamphlet called *Bonaparte et les Bourbons*—a pamphlet of which Louis XVIII. said it had rendered more service to his cause than a whole army—the vicissitudes of his political career under the Restoration, which reflect little credit on his consistency—his conduct at Berlin, Verona, and London—his ignominious dismissal from the Ministry of M. Villele—his consistent conduct after the Revolution of 1830—and his visits to Prague, and pilgrimages to the exiled Court. Such are the events with which M. Villemain brings us down to Chateaubriand's retirement into private life. The creature of impulse—high and generous indeed, but still impulse—rather than the willing servant of principle, Chateaubriand was perpetually betrayed into acts in which nothing but his inordinate vanity could have concealed from his own eyes the petulance which was apparent to every one else. The man who could say of himself—"Je suis bourbonnien par honneur, royaliste par raison et par conviction, républicain par goût et par caractère," must, in truth, have been a curious mosaic. The reader cannot do better than study it under the auspices of M. Villemain.

The second work to which we have alluded may be dismissed more briefly.* It is a new and enlarged edition of what has long been out of print—namely, M. Villemain's translation of Cicero's treatise, *De Republica*, a considerable portion of which was discovered by Cardinal Mai in 1822. The preface consists of an article which M. Villemain published about two months back in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in reply to certain sophistries on a dictatorship elected by universal suffrage, which Lamartine had advanced, or rather endorsed, *à propos* of Béranger, in his *Cours Familier de la Littérature*. A note to this preface replies to some "injuries d'un journal politique, heureusement fort décrédité, et dont le premier mensonge est dans son titre même, le *Constitutionnel*," which the article in question had drawn down upon him. It is scarcely too much to say that M. Villemain's two chapters on the fourth and fifth books of the Republic go far to compensate for the almost total loss of the original which Mai's labours were unable to repair—so happily does the author avail himself of the few fragments preserved as texts for disquisitions on the social life, comedy, legislation, constitution, and eloquence of the Romans. We confess, however, that in the matter of the Roman Senate, M. Villemain has shown an ingenuity which we could scarcely have believed possible. He has written about a dozen pages on the subject without so much as mentioning the names of Niebuhr and Huschke, Rubino and Zumpt. Such a *tour de force* deserves a word of passing commendation, especially as Beaufort and Vertot are allowed to figure in a page where the scholars just named "brillent par leur absence." This is only one out of many instances of the placid indifference with which Frenchmen habitually disregard the labours of German scholars, even in those particular departments where German scholars are kings.

We have before us a new volume of the *Biographie Générale*.† The first article to which we turn is that on Gutenberg. We have already had occasion to remark that the notices of famous printers in this excellent publication are especially worthy of attention, coming as they do from the pen of M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, who has been engaged for years in collecting materials for a history of that art of which he is himself so illustrious an ornament. The history of Gutenberg is shrouded in mystery, and his claims to the invention of printing are to this day contested with an ardour which four centuries have not cooled. As M. Didot observes, this is the case with all inventions. He instances in particular the use of chloroform and the electric telegraph. With regard to Gutenberg he wisely remarks—"Ne nous en étonnons pas: les inventions ne sont jamais isolées; elles résultent d'un concours de circonstances dont les combinaisons répondent à un besoin général." We should add that M. Didot's researches have led him to decide in favour of Gutenberg's rights—a conclusion which he backs up not only with ample erudition and vigorous reasoning, but also with those peculiar appliances which no man but one of the craft could press into the service of his argument. We have singled out this article as the gem of the volume, but there are not wanting others of very considerable interest. Such are those on the two Gronovii and on Grotius, by M. Grégoire, and on Guizot, by M. Lermier. We are surprised to find that in the article on Guichardin no mention is made of the very important posthumous works now in course of publication in Italy. The article on Gudin, the marine painter, is excessively meagre. Though three columns, it is almost literally nothing but a catalogue of his principal works, without a word of comment. Was female virtue so rare a commodity in France during the seventeenth century, that the Marquise de Guercheville need be ushered in under the almost whimsical title of "Femme Vertueuse Française?" In the article on Guido di Sienna, M. Lacaze would have done well to note in passing the existence of a second

* *La Tribune Moderne*. Première partie. M. de Chateaubriand; sa vie, ses écrits, son influence littéraire et politique sur son temps. Par M. Villemain. Paris: Michel Lévy, London: Williams and Norgate, 1858.

* *La République de Cicéron*. Traduite, avec un Discours Préliminaire, par M. Villemain, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didot. London: Jeffs, 1858.

† *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*. Publiée par J. Didot Frères, Tome xxii, (Grévin-Gyulay.) Paris: Didot. London: Jeffs, 1858.

painter of the same name and place as the author of the famous Madonnas.

M. Faugère, whose editorial labours have so worthily associated his name with that of Pascal and his sister Jacqueline, has just added fresh claims to the gratitude of those who are interested in the history of Port Royal, by the publication of two volumes of letters of Agnes Arnauld,* sister of Le Grand Arnauld, and abbess of that world-famous monastery. These letters are 741 in number, of which 114 are without date, the remainder ranging from the year 1626 to 1671. Among the more famous correspondents (exclusive of the very numerous members of her own illustrious family) to whom these letters are addressed, we may mention the names of Colbert, Saint-Cyran, Pope Urban the Eighth, the Pascals, both Blaise and Jacqueline, the Duchess de Longueville, the Marquise de Sablé, the Abbé Singlin, and Louis Quatorze. M. Faugère, in his preface, has so ably executed the task of pointing out the value and beauties of these unedited remains—for unedited they were, with the exception of some thirty letters—that we have little to add. Like many other morbid conditions of humanity, conventual life is a very interesting study—and we know not where it could be better examined than in the volumes before us. It is curious to mark the ingenious devices by which this saint-like woman endeavours to shut out from Port Royal those heartburnings and littlenesses and caprices from which even convents can claim no immunity. There are some delightful letters addressed to her nephew, Antoine Le Maître, full of that unselfish affection for which aunts are so conspicuous. Before his retirement to Port Royal, Antoine Le Maître was an avocat. His aunt was anxious to show him a more excellent way. "Je m'en vais demander à Jésus-Christ qu'il vous fasse avocat de son conseil, afin que vous l'emportiez pardessus votre aïeul, qui l'a été d'un roi qui n'est plus, ni lui aussi, et vous le seriez toujours de celui qui ne finit jamais." He writes, it would seem, to announce a contemplated marriage. Anxious to win him to what she considers the holiest of vocations, she most ingeniously puts her own construction on his communication, and chooses to consider that the bride in question was the Church. We gather from one of the letters, that Le Maître had grounded his repugnance to the cassock "sur les péchés des prêtres, comme si l'état ecclésiastique était entièrement corrompu"—a piece of evidence as to the condition of the French clergy in the seventeenth century which should not be neglected, coming as it does from no hostile quarter. We cannot, however, dwell any longer on these interesting volumes, which owe a great part of their attraction to the fact that their contents were evidently never intended for publication.

M. Damiron's memoirs on Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century have long been regarded as some of the most valuable contributions to be found in the *Transactions of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. They are now collected into two volumes,† which will be read with interest by all who desire to make themselves acquainted with an age so fruitful of influence on the history of civilization. The individuals passed under review in these memoirs are as follows:—De la Mettrie, D'Holbach, Diderot, Helvetius, D'Alembert, Saint-Lambert, D'Argens, Naigeon, Sylvain Maréchal, Delalande, Robinet. Beginning with the principle—"Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerat in sensu," the sensualist philosophy of the eighteenth century deduced therefrom the following principles:—"1°. Que l'âme est une chose des sens, qu'elle est le corps en une de ses fonctions, un des résultats de son organisation. 2°. Que Dieu n'est également qu'une chose des sens; qu'il n'est en grand que ce que l'âme est en petit, qu'il est le tout de ce dont elle n'est qu'une minime partie, la nature en un mot, ou la matière universelle. 3°. Qu'enfin si telle est Dieu, et si telle est l'âme, notre destinée est très simple: vivre pour sentir, tant qu'il y a sensation, après quoi tomber au néant, le tout sous la loi fatale d'une aveugle nécessité. Voilà, en effet, où se termine, et il faut ajouter où s'abîme cette philosophie qui, sensualiste jusqu'au bout, l'est en morale comme en métaphysique, et en théodicée comme en psychologie." In following out these pernicious principles through the various departments of speculative inquiry here enumerated, M. Damiron is careful to give us the antidote as well as the poison. After refuting elaborately the erroneous data and vicious reasoning of his adversaries, he gives us what he believes to be the sound theory on the points at issue—witness his admirable digression on the Beautiful, *apropos* of Diderot, and his eloquent enumeration of the true elements of human happiness, as an answer to the purely animal conception of happiness set forth by De La Mettrie. But the book is not merely a series of moral and metaphysical wrangling. Biography enters largely into its composition, and numerous anecdotes and traits of every kind prove to us that there was something of the man (and so far of the divine) in those very philosophers whose tenets went to show that we are no better than the brutes that perish.

It was an excellent idea of M. Curmer to detach from his magnificent illuminated edition of the *Imitation* the learned treatise

on the history of the Ornamentation of Manuscript, by M. Ferdinand Denis,* Conservateur of the Bibliothèque Sainte Geneviève, the best organized *bibliothèque* in Paris. We imagine that many of our readers, whether possessors of ancient manuscripts, or students of mediæval art, will be glad to know of the existence of a hand-book of the history of that art—"ch'alluminaire à chiamata in Parisi," written by a man so thoroughly master of his subject as M. F. Denis. The Benedictines are learned but cumbrous, D'Agincourt inaccurate, and Bastard, if we mistake not, incomplete, and likely to remain so. But here we have an account, at once full and succinct, of the rise and progress of an art which assuredly is as deserving of study as any of its sister branches. The difficulty is to know what to admire; for illuminated manuscripts are not as readily accessible to public gaze as statuary and paintings. To remedy this deficiency, M. Denis's *Histoire* is richly supplied with very beautifully executed designs of some of the choicer specimens of ornamentation which he meets with, from the earliest times to the close of the sixteenth century. Extremely interesting also are the statements here given as to the prices of books at various periods. From the eighth to the tenth century it was no uncommon thing to give a farm, stock and all, in exchange for a "Pontificale," or a "Bénédictinaire;" and three centuries later a countess in Anjou, named Grécie, gave in exchange for some homilies composed by Haimont d'Alberstadt, "200 brébis chargées de leur laine, un muid de froment, un muid de seigle, un de millet, et trois peaux de martre"—sufficient, as M. Denis observes, in the present day, to fit up an entire library.

Where is the English poet who will give us on the siege of Lucknow such noble verse as that with which M. Autran has sung the glories of the defence of *Millianah*? "De tous les points que nous avons occupés en Afrique," writes the Count of Castellane, "Millianah est peut-être la ville où nos soldats ont eu à supporter les plus rudes épreuves." This episode of the African campaign took place in 1840. The feeble garrison were for months exposed to the attacks of Abd-el-Kader, and the more deadly assaults of disease and starvation. Apart, however, from the actual historical facts of the siege, M. Autran's poem, which is divided into four cantos, and elucidated by notes, is a noble performance. The description of the famine-stricken band amply sustains the reputation of the author of *La fille d'Eschyle* and *Laboureurs et Soldats*.

In the memorable instructions which the Chancelier d'Aguesseau wrote for the use of his son's education, figures the following plan for reading the Scriptures:—"Je vous conseillerai . . . d'extraire des livres sacrés tous les endroits qui regardent les devoirs de la vie civile et chrétienne, de les ranger par ordre, et d'en faire comme une espèce de corps de morale qui vous soit propre." It is the execution of this plan which M. Dupin, the Procureur Général à la Cour de Cassation, has given to the public in a small volume of which the title is given below.‡ It is arranged under six heads:—1. *Prolegomènes* (Dieu—Les Rois—Les lois—La justice); 2. *Le Droit Civil*; 3. *Le Droit Criminel*; 4. *Le Droit des Gens*; 5. *La Charité Chrétienne*; 6. *Appendice* (Mélanges—sujets détachés). The texts excerpted from the Bible are given in the Vulgate, with a French translation *en regard*; and French notes illustrate and explain what M. Dupin considers suggestive or obscure. The book has only one defect, though confessedly a grave one—publication. D'Aguesseau's advice to his son was grounded on the desire that he should impart something like method to his reading of the Scriptures. The motto, *qui facit per alium facit per se*, does not apply to such a work as the one before us. To make the extracts oneself, in one's chamber, may or may not be useful. D'Aguesseau, no bad judge, thought it was useful, and advised his son accordingly; but to use such extracts ready made to hand, and to regard the Bible like a *Code Napoléon*, clinging to its letter, and forgetting of its spirit, is one of the most pernicious things a man can do.

To come, in conclusion, to a few works of a somewhat lighter character, let us mention two very amusing books on Spain—one on Seville§ by M. Niboyet, the other on Cadiz,|| its bay and neighbourhood, by M. Latour, the author of two volumes called *Études sur l'Espagne*, published a few years back. M. Niboyet is a very gay and blithe companion. He has always something cheerful to say for himself, and something kind of everybody else. The two years he has spent in Seville have not been thrown away. The amount of information he has picked up for the benefit of his readers, with regard to churches and monuments of art of every kind, is very creditable to his spirit of research and his good taste. It is difficult sometimes to determine whether he be dealing in fiction or in fact. We submit, for example, that his version of the legend of Don Juan—for who can write about Seville and be silent about Don Juan?—is largely indebted for many of its features to his own sprightly imagination. We should add that the volume is illustrated.

M. Latour is a writer of a graver cast and of a higher order

* *Histoire de l'Ornementation des Manuscrits*. Par M. F. Denis. Paris: Curmer. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† Autran: *Millianah*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ Dupin: *Règles de Droit et de Morale tirées de l'Écriture-Sainte*. Paris: Plon. London: Jeffs. 1858.

§ *La Reine de l'Andalousie*. Par Paulin Niboyet. Paris: Tardieu. London: Jeffs. 1858.

|| A. de Latour: *Baie de Cadix*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

* *Lettres de la Mère Agnes Arnauld, Abbess of Port Royal*. Publiées sur les textes authentiques, avec une introduction par M. P. Faugère. 2 vols. Paris: Benjamin Duprat. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Philosophie au Dix-huitième Siècle*. Par M. Damiron, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. 2 vols. Paris: Ladrangé. London: Jeffs. 1858.

than M. Niboyet. An account of the Guadalquivir, its course, inundations, and navigation, forms the subject of the two first chapters, and ushers in the history of Cadiz from the earliest times, contained in the third. We have a most interesting account of a Spanish Walter Scott, by name Fernan Caballero, of whose tales M. de Latour gives us long and numerous analyses, which will perhaps induce some persons to learn Spanish for the purpose of reading his works. We say *his*, but, according to M. de Latour, doubts are entertained as to the existence of such a person as Fernan Caballero, nor is it known whether a man or a woman lurks under that pseudonym; so that the author of *La Gaviota* has yet another point in common with the mysterious author of *Waverley*.

WHITE LIES.*

WE are sorry to say that Mr. Reade's preface to this novel, besides being exceedingly arrogant, contains an admission made after detection, and by no means in a straightforward manner, that *Clouds and Sunshine* is "French Anglicized." *Clouds and Sunshine* was published without any notice of the kind, in the same volume with two other tales, which Mr. Reade has not yet admitted to be otherwise than original, though the originality of one of them has been challenged in a letter written to us, and elsewhere. Mr. Reade moreover admits—and this too, apparently, after detection—that in the present novel "French sources have been drawn upon." What are the French sources, and how far have they been drawn upon? This is a subject on which Mr. Reade ought to be quite explicit, without waiting for others to find him out. He may say that he takes only incident and plot—that these are the secondary parts of fiction—and that he has added to them a workmanship far exceeding in value the material on which it is bestowed. But whatever is worth taking is worth acknowledging; and honour requires that it should be frankly acknowledged. Besides, plot and incident, if secondary to character and sentiment, are by no means an unimportant part of a novel; and the expedient of fitting characters to borrowed incidents, instead of developing incident out of character, is an awkward one, and necessarily stamps with a certain inferiority the work of the artist who is driven to resort to it. Mr. Reade is, of course, aware that the charge of extensive plagiarism has been brought against him, and the sooner he makes a full and frank explanation, the better for his reputation it will be.

In *White Lies*, Mr. Reade professes to give a much truer account of French life in the provinces, with which he represents himself as familiarly acquainted, than is given by Parisian novelists—the "mill horses of the Boulevards"—who know nothing about France. It is rather strange that he should draw "from French sources"—that is, we presume, from French novelists or dramatists—materials for a truer account than French novelists or dramatists give. Nor do we see that the character and scenes before us differ essentially from those with which ordinary French fiction abounds. Here is a married woman in love with another man—a child born under questionable circumstances—a challenge—a despairing lover on the brink of blowing himself and his love together out of the world—a charming young lady getting into a scrape by a clandestine marriage, and trying to get herself out of it by taking poison—gentlemen threatening to kill rivals, as they would snakes, and ladies applauding the threat—heroic natures telling innumerable lies—and, finally, everybody pardoned, released from their disagreeable husbands and made happy, because the guilt was not in intention, but only in act. Surely this is just the sort of thing with which the "mill horses of the Boulevards" have made us familiar already. These "husbands and wives," and all their sayings and doings, not only differ more than a "little" from English ones, but are as like the husbands and wives in the "Boulevards" duodecimos, and their sayings and doings, as one pea to another. The Jeufosse trial, indeed, would seem to prove that French life, even in a provincial château, differs rather considerably from life in an English country house. And what but direct Boulevard inspiration can have given birth to some of the sublime outbursts of passion in hysterically printed pages, and some of the thrilling situations with which the book abounds? Is there a more tearing piece of melodrama in all the French libraries than the scene in which Josephine crushes to the earth, by the apparition of her moral grandeur, the wicked notary who had presumed to ask for her hand? Find us a parallel in anything English to the passage ending—

She (Mademoiselle Josephine) followed him as he went, strong in that moment as Hercules, beautiful and terrible as Michael driving Satan. He dared not, or rather he could not, stand before her; he writhed and cowered and recoiled all round the room, while she marched upon him. Then the driven serpent hissed as it wriggled away.

Or to—

The quiet, despairing tones died away, and with them life seemed to end to her, and hope to go out. He turned his back quickly on her. "To the army!" he cried, hoarsely. He drew himself haughtily up in marching attitude. He took three strides, erect and fiery and bold. At the fourth the great heart snapped, and the worn body it had held up so long rolled like a dead log upon the ground, with a tremendous fall.

We should say, from the frequent *coups de théâtre*, that the "French sources" were dramatic. But Mr. Reade is himself a dramatist, and given to *coups de théâtre*, so we may be mistaken.

* *White Lies*. By Charles Reade, London: Trübner and Co.

However, between the French sources and the Englishman who draws from them, we have what we must acknowledge, on the whole, is a very good novel; though (the question of originality apart) Mr. Reade is, we venture to think, mistaken as well as rather bumptious in calling it his "great work"—a title which, if he means to use it, he should give to *Christie Johnstone*. The family of the Château de Beaurepaire is a very charming (we must trust Mr. Reade for its being a true) picture of mothers and daughters, mistresses and servants, and French manners and ideas generally, in a high aristocratic house of the purer kind, under the old regime. To prevent oneself from being carried away, one has to remember what most of those old aristocratic houses, with their *mariages de convenance* and their famished peasantry, really were. The lady of Beaurepaire is a fine specimen of high breeding and the better side of etiquette, though sometimes, as in the scene where Edouard proposes to her for Laure, she talks rather too like a goose. Josephine and Laure are as taking a pair of sisters as we remember in a novel—sisters, yet well contrasted, and real flesh and blood—a work of labour crowned with deserved success. Their deceptions are, of course, the "human" element in their "heroic" character—though, to an English apprehension, this sort of "human" element is not very consistent with the "heroic." It would be inconceivable, indeed, that an English girl of Josephine's general moral calibre, and so highly bred, should be guilty of such an impropriety as a clandestine marriage with an old love, almost immediately upon hearing the news of her husband's death in battle, before that news is authentically confirmed, and (as she had been previously holding a sentimental intercourse with the old love) under circumstances peculiarly dangerous to her honour. The pretext of doing the misdeed for her lover's sake, not for her own, would not blind any woman of sense. How could he be a true lover to whom such a concession could be acceptable? All is French here—or we should ask again whether it is credible that Laure should undergo, for the sake of any human being, or to prevent any misfortune, the shame of having it supposed by the man to whom she is engaged that she is the mother of an illegitimate child? Mr. Reade, as we have said before, is evidently a great student of female character, and prides himself on his skill in painting it minutely. But in this, as in some other departments, he exaggerates in a way that shakes our confidence. The feminine is rather overdone when Josephine, on the point of being murdered by her desperate lover, implores him to murder her so as not to spoil her face; and when she afterwards, in a paroxysm of moral agony and shame, shrinks from taking the poison, not from fear of death or the guilt of self-murder, but because there is a wasp in the glass! We will not leave unhonoured among the *dramatis personæ* (she is exactly a *dramatis personæ*), Jacintha, though she talks sometimes rather too much like Mr. Reade for a servant-girl.

Of the male characters, Dujardin is a French tornado of sentiment in a uniform. The "heroic" and the "human" in him are strictly national, and, with deference to Mr. Reade's discernment of character, quite like the creations of the mill in the Boulevards, and quite unlike anything on this side the Channel. He is capable of a great effort of self-sacrifice, as when he takes his rival's place in the fatal storming-party, but he is incapable of observing the commonest obligations. Has Mr. Reade any personal knowledge of an English gentleman who, when preparing to blow out his love's brains with one pistol, and his own with the other, was arrested by her (a married woman) crying out, "I love you?" But the scene is just one of the finest frenzies of a Parisian sentimentalist. Raynal, the blunt, downright soldier, "with the chic Bonaparte" that should be, is just the sort of type of that character you would have in a second-rate play. He makes you sick with the coxcombical intrusion (so utterly unlike a true soldier) of his military phrases and reminiscences on all occasions. A man is simply an ass who "cuts his time into rations" exact to the minute on his wedding day—who does not enjoy popping in unexpectedly on his friends by the backstairs after a long absence, because "storming-parties and surprises were no novelty, and therefore no treat to him"—and who on the same occasion tells his companion that they must take care they don't break their necks "going over grounds we don't know to surprise the natives—our skirmishers got nicked that way now and then in Egypt." Absurd, too, is the military promptitude of this martinet "with the chic Bonaparte," who "buys an estate as you would buy a hot roll over a counter." We doubt whether real heroes are much in the habit of "tapping their sword-hilt with a look of terrible significance." Edouard is a very good lover for Laure, and his billing and cooing and lover's quarrels with her are very pretty, though rather too much drawn out for the taste of any but people in a similar situation. In his case, as in the others, the "human" fibbing part of the character is perhaps rather awkwardly stuck on the heroic; and we smile instead of being terrified when he tells Raynal that if Camille marries Laure he will "kill Camille at the altar before her eyes," and that he "will catch him and her alone some day, and the bride shall be a widow in her honeymoon." We smile still more when he cries, on hearing that Raynal is going to the Rhine, where the supposed seducer is—"Yes, you are in luck. But you will send me a line when you have killed him; will you not? Then I shall know joy again." St. Aubin is a delightful old gentleman; and we will not be severe to inquire whether his Laputan philosophy could actually co-exist with so much practical good sense. Dard is a very good pendant to Jacintha. The reader will observe

that the *dramatis personæ* are balanced in couples—the Baroness de Beaurepaire and M. St. Aubin, Camille and Josephine, Edouard and Laure, Jacintha and Dard—Commandant Raynal being a sort of outsider, and an instrument of the destiny of others, rather than an object of interest in his own person. We cannot say the plot is good. Two resurrections of Dujardin and one of Raynal are rather too much of one expedient; and every reader can see with half an eye what all these clever people do not see—that it is not Josephine's husband, but the other Raynal, who is killed in Egypt. Some of the situations, however, are well managed, as where Dujardin, on his way to Beaurepaire to reclaim his love after so many years of absence and misery, is detained with his heart full of happiness close to the house where her wedding is going on. As for the moral judgment at the end, it is French, though pronounced by the MAN OF PRINCIPLE ascending the judgment-seat in capital letters. What is decidedly not French is the flourish about Ananias and Sapphira. In the first place, a Frenchman would never come down with Ananias and Sapphira upon sentimental liars. In the second place, we are told that the lie of Ananias and Sapphira is as common as trade. This is evidently from Mr. Reade's own heart. He is deeply convinced that commercial agents in general, and publishers in particular, swindle those who deal with them on every occasion.

But the great merit of this and all Mr. Reade's books lies in the studied beauty of the composition. There is all the difference in the world between authors who merely write and authors who compose. Mr. Reade is one of the latter class, and so is Mr. Thackeray—Miss Yonge, unfortunately, is decidedly one of the former. Reade and Thackeray crystallize their thought, point their humour and sentiment, give you the essence, not the whole aqueous element, of conversations, and paint a situation with a word. You cannot skim either of them—you can read a page of the best part of either of them with pleasure, merely as a piece of writing. Reade tries higher flights in this way than Thackeray, often rises above him, and sometimes falls far below him. His language is often beautifully picturesque, but he often overstrains himself—especially in the terrible, of which he is not a master—and is reduced to lines of a single word, and the other expedient of the typographic sublime. His images are frequently happy, though artificial, but sometimes in bad taste—as where he says of a mother kissing her boy in his cradle, that “her head reared itself again and again like a crested snake’s, and again and again, and again and again plunged down upon the child.” The sentiment is often just and genuine as well as pointed; but sometimes, as the acute reader will observe, it is mere platitude with a point to it, as when we are told in stilted phrase that, contrary to common notions, man is unable to predict the future. The book is intended to be coloured French, with French idioms; but we have remarked several purely English vulgarisms of the coarsest kind. And how comes an old French Baroness of the last century to talk about the *Mysteries of Udolpho*?

Nearly allied, we are afraid, to the weakness indicated in the beginning of this article, is Mr. Reade's decided tendency to draw the long-bow. He is always assuming a swaggering air of superior knowingness, in which we have no confidence, and talking as if he had more in him of the soldier than the civilian. He intimates, indeed, that soldiers ought not to “leather” civilians “before ladies,” yet he is not only a civilian, but a Fellow of a College at Oxford, and a lawyer, roguish as he seems to hold that profession to be. He would have us think that he is in the habit of seeing practised duellists cross rapiers, which we no more believe than we believe that in his vast experience of life he has known many instances of young ladies who attempted to drown themselves for love, and afterwards came to their senses and were happily married. One would suppose that he had personally ascertained that a horse may be ridden “judiciously” sixty miles in one night, after being cantered about all the morning, and again ridden sixty miles two days after. We leave it to great pedestrians and jumpers to pronounce whether a man not in training for the purpose could, by “squaring his shoulders,” run two leagues in thirty-five minutes (Mr. Reade is as precise as if he had laid a wager on it); and whether it is easy or possible to turn round in the middle of a jump, and break with your back through a very stiff quickset hedge. We should like to see the oak now flourishing in France which “grew in Gaul,” and which belongs to the same period of history as the siege of Troy. Then Mr. Reade is great in military matters. He laughs at old muffs of generals who will not storm bastions without breaching, and refuse to write such orders of the day as “I authorize Colonel Dujardin to save the honour of the colonels of the Second Division” by contravening the orders of the commander-in-chief. As to seeing men knocked into “spilekens” by a cannon-ball in the trenches, it is a jest to this warlike writer. We wonder whether he ever performed an exploit like that of Colonel Dujardin, who, in “full blazing uniform,” and “fifteen yards from the trenches,” “delicately” adjusts and re-adjusts his gun “to a hair's-breadth,” while the bullets of the enemy are “pattering on it,” and his own men inside are “groaning and tearing their hair” (surely this is from a French source) at his danger—and then, not to throw a chance of life away, “walks haughtily but rapidly” back to the trenches—“for in all this there was no bravado.” To military eyes, the siege of Philippsburg is humbug; and humbug, to the eyes of people who know anything about history, are his knock-me-down remarks on that

subject. He undertakes to set all the world right about the policy of Bonaparte, who, he informs us, from private intelligence of his own, did not go to Moscow, “city of huts,” for Moscow, but for Delhi. This information he of course derives from exclusive sources, not known to any historian of the Empire. Still more exclusive, if possible, must be the authority on which he assures us that, “in the magnitude of his views, Napoleon will stand alone among the sons of earth till the last trumpet.” Evidently Mr. Reade is a privy-councillor of Providence. He obliges us with several other apophthegms of a novel kind as to the genius and policy of Bonaparte, which are worth just as much as those we have mentioned. How competent he is to set the world right in this part of history, will be seen when we say that he makes Napoleon go to Egypt as First Consul, and places the invasion of Spain and the Guerilla warfare before the Egyptian expedition. His dogmatic assertions that old countries (England for example) are necessarily incapable of self-government, and that the Italians, whose republics were the cradle of European freedom, are a “nation of song, superstition, and slavery, without the heart, or the brains, or the soul to be free,” are equally deserving of attention. But a man may be a bit of a bragart, and a bit of a humbug, and yet be a very good writer of fiction; and this is the case, among others, with Mr. Reade.

HOW TO BREED ASSASSINS.*

THE very natural and righteous indignation at the late attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon has produced feelings on both sides of the Channel which are only too likely to work cruel injustice on men who, of all others, ought to be the objects of English sympathy. In our detestation of assassins, we are in great danger of overlooking a most essential consideration. No one seeks to justify, or even to excuse their crimes; but the continual recurrence of their attempts in some European countries, and their non-appearance in others, is a phenomenon the cause of which it is well worth our while to investigate. Assassination is an infamous action, and those who are guilty of it must, of course, be classed amongst the bad. There are, however, bad men in all countries. London probably contains at this moment a considerable number of the worst and boldest ruffians in the world, yet the Queen of England enjoys a degree of security from political conspirators which an elaborate and omnipotent (though certainly a somewhat bungling) police cannot, with all the machinery of passports and arbitrary imprisonment, confer on Louis Napoleon.

A pamphlet has just been published which gives us an insight into the mechanism by which honest men are persecuted and heart-broken, and by which those whose passions are stronger than their principles are converted into assassins. It is on many accounts most curious and instructive, and its appearance seems to us to be singularly well-timed. Our readers cannot have forgotten the story of the atrocious cruelties practised by the King of Naples on Carlo Poerio, which was brought before the world seven years ago by Mr. Gladstone. The publication before us consists principally of a verbatim report of the defence which Poerio made at his trial. Its history is not a little singular. The Neapolitan police were so deeply and so justly alarmed at the revelations which it contained of their baseness, their wretched trickery, their subornation of perjury, their cruel persecution of all that deserved respect in the country, that though it was printed during the trial, they carefully suppressed it, and it was only by chance that a copy which had escaped their researches was brought to this country. Though the language is strangely simple, and compressed to the highest degree consistent with clearness, the defence fills thirty closely printed octavo pages, meeting point by point every charge brought against the prisoner, and constituting in the aggregate such an exposure of the operations of a despotic police as we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. Our readers cannot have forgotten that the kingdom of Naples rightfully and lawfully possesses a free constitution, which has been treacherously, unlawfully, and violently subverted by the present Government. By the assistance of the mob and foreign mercenaries it overthrew the legal authorities, and succeeded in establishing a tyranny over the enlightened, orderly, and wealthy part of the community. The Baron Poerio was an eminent advocate, and during the short interval in which the Neapolitan Constitution was a reality, held an important office in the Ministry. After the overthrow of the Constitution, he was apprehended and tried upon the double charge of belonging to a secret society called the *Unità Italiana*, and of conspiring against the King's person, and attempting to destroy the Constitutional Government. If Louis Napoleon had accused the victims of the *coup d'état* of having caused it, he would have acted about as reasonably. We shall not go through the whole of Poerio's refutation of these charges—we confine ourselves to that part of his defence which exposes the manner in which they were fabricated. In September, 1848, he went for pleasure to Ischia, and thereupon it was immediately declared that he had visited the island, in order to induce Admiral Baudin (whom he did not even know) to take forcible measures

* Carlo Poerio and the Neapolitan Police. The Defence made by that Nobleman on his Trial before the Grand Court of Naples in 1851. With Extracts from a Manual of Private Instructions from the Police, issued by the King of Naples. London: Hatchard. 1855.

to prevent the expedition to Sicily. In the course of October, he went for a few days into the country, and spent about a week with several of his private and political friends, who were passing the autumn there. The police immediately set to work to collect evidence to show that this meeting was an excuse for a conspiracy. Signor Poerio had been for years in the habit of spending his Friday evenings at the house of a gentleman of his own profession, who, according to the pleasant Continental custom, received his friends on that night. Leaving the house one night, in company with a gentleman who wore a long beard, he passed by a group of police agents, to whom his companion was well known. He was immediately accused of having associated with a revolutionist called "Giordano with the beard," with whom it was alleged he had gone out at night to preside over revolutionary clubs on the hills of Posilipo. Another time, Baron Poerio defended a soldier sentenced to death, who had appealed against the sentence. He went to the Castello Nuovo, where the court was to meet, and saved his client's life. This was made the foundation of an accusation that he had conspired to surprise the castle, and had entered it with his friends for that purpose. On another occasion letters were forged, addressed to Poerio, and purporting to come from the Marquis Dragonetti. An anonymous communication was sent to him at the same time, to say that Government were in possession of his correspondence, and calling on him to fly. The letter which purported to come from the Marquis was full of errors of style and spelling, and was, moreover, filled with treasonable absurdities which no man in his senses would have put on paper and signed with his name.

We have quoted enough from this most remarkable document to show how impossible it is that such a Government as that of Naples should not breed assassins and conspirators. It is quite true that this defence is an *ex parte* statement, and that the evidence on the other side is not before the world; but it is not an unauthenticated statement. The accused appeals to, and demands the examination of, numerous witnesses of the highest rank and position in support of what he says. It is incredible that he should have rested his case on such assertions, calculated as they obviously were to irritate his judges to the very highest degree, unless they had been true; and it is no less incredible that, if they had been susceptible of refutation, the police and their employers should not have refuted them, and given all the publicity in their power to the evidence by which they were enabled to do so. Instead of this, they adopted the most suspicious of all courses. They actually suppressed the defence by every means in their power; and it was only by an accident that a copy, which had been most carefully concealed, was brought to this country and published.

We have already observed that the publication of this pamphlet at the present moment appears to us singularly well-timed. There is amongst us a large and powerful party always ready to make immediate success the test of the patriotism of foreign politicians—to deride as visionary and extravagant all who for the time being have failed—and to identify all the members of any Continental State, who are not contented with the condition of things which exists there, with any obscure and hateful section of their countrymen who may pass their time in reviling the asylum which they disgrace; and it is most important, therefore, to point out that the population of those countries cannot be exhaustively distributed between the two classes of conspirators in office and conspirators in opposition. Between sovereigns whose power rests on successful treason and perjury, and assassins whose weakness consists principally in their want of success, there exists a class of persons whose appreciation of freedom and whose fitness for it could not be exceeded in this country, which too often views with a certain harsh and ignorant complacency the defeat of those who wish to imitate its example. We would invite any one who looks upon all Italians as an extravagant, excitable, unstable race, fitted by nature to be slaves, to read Poerio's defence. It would be hard to match its extreme and severe simplicity, its weighty calmness and dignity, its quiet logic, its self-respect and self-possession, amongst the defences which men on their trial for political offences have uttered in this country. We do not profess to be able to follow Signor Saffi (who has appended to the pamphlet before us an instructive note on the powers of the Neapolitan police and the prospects of Italian freedom) in his estimate of the political and literary capabilities of his countrymen. He claims for them a strong taste for those solid and manly views of politics with which Englishmen would naturally sympathize. Whether this be true of any very large proportion of the population is a question which we cannot discuss, but there can be no sort of doubt that Poerio's defence conclusively proves that a class of men are to be found in Naples worthy in every way to claim the respectful sympathy and recognition of the Constitutional party both in England and in France. It ought never to be forgotten that they are the real legitimists—that it is they who have been forcibly deprived of rights assured to them and to their country by the most solemn of all compacts, and that the powers by which they have been dispossessed are the usurpers and wrongdoers. Still more necessary is it to be remembered that, however strong and however righteous our indignation against assassins may be, the existence of such a class has a cause. If men are attacked with dishonourable weapons, they will resort to their use themselves. With the example of wickedness constantly before their eyes, they cannot be expected to remain

pure. The attempt of the Rue Lepelletier was not more treacherous, and was less cowardly, than the plots against the life and liberty of a distinguished man concocted by an established Government; and these corrupting examples cannot but produce their natural results. Bad men may be oppressed as well as good ones, and those who oppress them must know what the consequences are likely to be. If people will govern by means of espionage and perjury, they will infallibly be met by assassination. That it should be so is very sad, no doubt, and it is all the more sad because the danger menaces not only the guilty but the innocent. The infamous tyranny exercised at Naples over such men as Poerio is the principal cause of the dangers which menace not only the life of Louis Napoleon, but the peace of the constitutional government of Sardinia. We have abundance of people in this country whom a prying police and a strict system of repression of opinion would convert into conspirators and assassins. Whilst they are let alone they are comparatively harmless—if they were subjected to a reign of terror, they would trouble every country and every Government in Europe. Despotism Governments can receive no more important lesson than that the danger of assassination and conspiracies, to which they are unquestionably exposed, is an incident natural to their position, produced by their own free choice, and too often aggravated by their own vile example.

BAGEHOT'S ESSAYS.*

MR. BAGEHOT has yielded to the temptation of collecting into a permanent form some of the Essays which he has contributed to periodical publications. The experiment is always rather dangerous, for nothing can be more unfavourable to the effect of such papers than to group them together. In a periodical, each essay receives an air of novelty from the contrast presented to it by its neighbours; and in a volume devoted to one subject, an author arranges his matter with a proportionate breadth and completeness. But eight essays, on subjects widely different—all with the same sparkling style, the same condensed treatment, the same tone of criticism, the same general view of men and things—make the whole apt to seem worse than any one of them taken by itself would have done. Still, Mr. Bagehot might reasonably think his essays too good to be forgotten, and stowed away for ever in the limbo of back numbers. His qualifications for an essayist are so many. He can work up his writing so that every sentence is telling throughout fifty pages. He has a wide acquaintance with literature. He is always sensible, and yet hardly ever commonplace. He has powers both of argument and analysis. He cleaves to practical life, to the enjoyments of the world, to all that is genial and good-humoured; and yet he does not expose himself to the reproach of undervaluing the other side of human existence, and shows himself alive to the claims of the mystical and supernatural world. His essays, in short, are so good, that the question which they naturally provoke is, why are they not better?

The first defect that strikes us in these papers is, that, speaking generally, they do not make us acquainted with the persons and characters of whom they treat. There is a great amount of interesting writing on a number of points which are very naturally suggested by the biographies of the Englishmen and Scotchmen whom Mr. Bagehot notices; but there is not much which we can carry away, and which fixes itself in our mind as expressive of what these Englishmen and Scotchmen really were. There is always a halo of fine writing between us and the subject of the essay. In the first essay, for instance—on the "First Edinburgh Reviewers"—we have, to begin with, an amplification of the statement that "Review writing is one of the features of modern literature." Then follows an account of the period in which the *Edinburgh* was first published, giving room for a character of Lord Eldon six pages in length; next comes a sketch of the typical Whig character; and so, at the twenty-first page, when one-half of the space allotted to this essay has been used, we get to an account of the three chief reviewers. Of Horner, Mr. Bagehot has not much more to tell us than that his character exercised an undefinable influence on his contemporaries. Jeffrey is hit off by being described as a "quick-eyed, bustling, black-haired, sagacious, agreeable man of the world;" and the main drift of the criticism on Sydney Smith is to show that the love for bright lights which compelled him to adorn his drawing-room with lamps of tin metal and mutton-fat, is emblematic of his whole style and cast of thought—admirable for perspicuity and sparkling radiance, but destitute of fine savour and elegance. This is followed by some clever and suggestive observations on the nature of Sydney Smith's humour; but no one who reads the essay can feel that he knows more of Horner, or Jeffrey, or Sydney Smith, than he did before he opened the book. Still more is this the case in the essay on Cowper, where the Cowper whom we have known in his poems and letters almost as an intimate acquaintance seems to slide away from our sight as Mr. Bagehot begins to practise on him; and in his stead is substituted a lay figure, which is gradually clothed with the purple patches of smart writing, acute observations, and lively digressions.

* *Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen.* A Series of Articles, reprinted, by permission, principally from the "National Review." By Walter Bagehot. London: Chapman and Hall, 1858.

When a subject recommends itself to Mr. Bagehot as worth writing an essay on, we should guess that he is generally content with accepting as the basis of his criticism the ordinary and commonplace thoughts which the subject would suggest to any one of moderate knowledge, sense, and experience. On this foundation he builds his carefully-constructed tower. There are a certain set of minor subjects which he sees may be connected with the main subject, and he applies himself to work up a good bit, a telling morsel, on each of these. His essays shape themselves into clever but rather crotchety theories on a great number of subsidiary topics. The great aim of each of these efforts of artistic skill seems to be, that it should contain a view of its own—a little peculiar theory, sometimes true, sometimes false, but always novel and impressive in language if not in substance. The result is not only a want of connexion and repose, but also a tendency to paradox, and a hastiness of assumption that is sometimes rather startling. We are told, for instance, that the Scotch system of education is far more calculated to produce good essay-writers than the Cambridge system, and that Aristotle's style is wretched. We learn in one essay that "What health is to the animal, Liberalism is to the polity. It is a principle of fermenting enjoyment." In another essay we read, "The essence of Toryism is enjoyment." So that, altogether, the political world must be a very jolly one. Nor is it merely that objections may be made to the soundness of particular views. Mr. Bagehot's essays, and the views they contain, are all coloured by his extravagant admiration for one kind of excellence—for a kind which combines literary taste, a fondness for the actual business of life, and interest in living men. We do not wish to say a word against so very good a combination; but by virtue of his possessing or admiring it, Mr. Bagehot is perpetually thanking Heaven that he is not as other men are, sound scholars, deep thinkers, or well versed in science. He is always sneering at "what the people of the West call a 'scoldard'—that is, a man of more knowledge and less sense than those about him"—and at "people who are unfortunately born scientific, who take much interest in the objects of nature, and feel a curiosity about shells, snails, horses, and butterflies." He even descends to that lowest kind of after-dinner mock joking which consists in speaking of great men and great subjects as bores. It is not pleasant to think that a man of Mr. Bagehot's literary cultivation should have written the following sentences:—"Dreadful idea, having Demosthenes for an intimate friend! He had pebbles in his mouth; he was always urging action; he spoke such good Greek; we cannot dwell on it—it is too much."

Clever, also, and brilliant as Mr. Bagehot's style often is, it is frequently strained and in bad taste. We have such expressions and *dicta* as the following:—"Life is a Bash-Bazouk array"—"Tacitus wrote like a pair of stags"—"Generally, naturalists prefer the stupid parts of nature, worms and Cochinchina fowls"—"The great breeding people have gone out and multiplied; English is the language of the world." There are hundreds of expressions and sentences of a similar character. Mr. Bagehot never ceases to be smart; and a style all smartness is as far from a good style as conversation all *bon-mots* is good conversation. The framework of the writing is an imitation of Lord Macaulay's style; but Mr. Bagehot introduces a variation by making much more decisive appeals to the admiration of readers, who are to be surprised and delighted by what they have provided for them. There are persons whose talk keeps us on the quiver, because the things they say are so good, and because we know that by the time they begin to laugh we ought to be ready to laugh too. Mr. Bagehot's writing is like this; and we cannot help feeling victimized by an author who we know expects us to exclaim "How good!" at the end of every sentence.

But if the cleverness is a little overdone, it cannot be denied that much of the language is very clear, and many of the epigrams very neat and bright. As specimens, we may take the following:—"Mr. Macaulay was always a man for a great occasion. He was by nature a *deus ex machina*. Somebody has had to fetch him." "Writing for posterity is like writing on foreign post paper; you cannot say to a man at Calcutta what you would to a man at Hackney; you think 'the yellow man is a very long way off: this is fine paper, it will go by a ship': so you try to say something worthy of the ship—something noble, which will keep and travel." "Poor Southey, who lived with domestic women, actually died in the delusion that his early works were perfect." "No real English gentleman in his secret soul was ever sorry for the death of a political economist." These are clever sentences; but however good they may be, they can scarcely give a notion of the cleverness of the general style. The real feature of Mr. Bagehot's writing is, that the sentences which precede and follow those which may be chosen for quotation will almost always be found to be nearly as good as those selected.

Nor is it only in chance and occasional successes of happy expression that Mr. Bagehot excels. Many of his observations on men, and the lives and works of famous persons, are original, interesting, and true. Perhaps even when his sets of elaborate little views are untrue, their falsity consists rather in their limitation than in positive misstatement. The picture, for instance, of Sir Robert Peel is principally defective, not because Mr. Bagehot appreciates wrongly the position of the Conservative leader, or the causes of his success, or the scope of his abilities, but because he has no sympathy for the finer and nobler side of Peel's character—for his calm and steady patriotism, and for the sense of

deep responsibility which he carried into political life. And throughout his essays, Mr. Bagehot, we think, is best when he gets away from the line of business which he evidently is proud to think peculiarly his own—that of coining flippant epigrams to gild theories more or less novel about the men and things of everyday life. It is when he offers us the result of psychological analysis, not very deep, perhaps, but acute and just, that we most admire him, and more especially when he busies himself with the works of poets of a high order. In the first essay on the *Edinburgh Reviewers* will be found an investigation of the true province of humour, which strikes us as really good. The germ of the thought may undoubtedly be traced in the writings of Coleridge, but the mode in which it is drawn out and illustrated shows that Mr. Bagehot has made it the thought his own. Of all the essays, those on Shakspeare and Shelley are the best. There is so much real feeling for the niceties of poetical imagination displayed throughout them—they are so rich in the results of a delicate criticism—the author is so evidently at home in his subject, that we can scarcely believe that a mind sufficiently cultivated and sensitive to write them can be content to find its ordinary occupation in spinning the gay cobwebs of clever conceits. The passage in which Mr. Bagehot investigates the essential character of the classicism of Shelley, may be referred to as a good specimen of what he can do if he pleases. We hope that he will be content hereafter to write as he writes at his best—that he will cease to think it a fine thing to sneer at German metaphysicians, scientific men, great orators, and all other persons to whom his fundamental objection is, that they are not the sort of people who could gamble in the funds with any prospect of winning—and that, as he has now incontestably proved how very smartly he can dress his thoughts, he will, for the future, discard his "go-to-meeting" English. If he will enlarge the sphere of his sympathies, treat grave subjects gravely, and write vigorously and simply, he may in a few years collect together another volume of Essays which will throw the present collection into the shade.

CRANIOLOGY.

DR. WILLIAMSON has just produced a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the most remarkable skulls in the Chatham Museum. It is a purely scientific book, full of technical details, and presenting no features of interest to the cursory reader. But it deserves notice as a careful attempt by a competent man to put the data of a museum into such shape that they may be reasoned from independently by inquirers at a distance. Those who consider the impulse that was given to science by Blumenbach's *Decades*, in which only sixty skulls were described, will appreciate the importance of observations that have been made upon 600—scarcely fewer than Morton's Museum contained at the time of his death. Not, indeed, that the little book before us can take rank altogether with those of the masters in science. Its aim is less pretentious; its style never wanders into the glowing rhetoric which the charm of his studies drew from the Göttingen student; and the absence of illustrative plates takes away not only an ornament, but some portion of the usefulness of anatomical descriptions. Still, if the measurements and observations have been faithfully made, as the author's tone induces us to believe, the book will be one of unpretending but solid merit. And those, who, like Hamlet, can find food for thought in a skull, may extract moralities at pleasure from Dr. Williamson's pages.

One remark is forced upon us by the special character of the Museum. The types with which it presents us are of very different values in different nations. Thus, for instance, we are told—"There are eighty-seven crania of natives of Great Britain in the collection. The skulls were taken from soldiers—a class of men who are frequently wholly uneducated, and their mental faculties undeveloped—and are therefore not the best specimens of British skulls." The manner in which this fact is stated is, we think, exceptionable. How far the mass of the brain is affected appreciably in individuals by their mental culture, has never been very clearly shown; and, except in rare cases, the variations of increase are probably not important. On the other hand, it is surely a fallacy to suppose that a disciplined man, constantly travelling, and often thrown upon his own resources in danger or difficulty, is less educated, in the true sense of the word, than the mass of country labourers, who divide their days between the beer-house and the plough. Soldiers are, in fact, we believe, below the average of their countrymen in cranial capacity; but this is not the result of their habits of life—it is the congenital deficiency of high intellectual power, which, in four cases out of five, has determined the recruit in his choice of a profession. A private who enlists in England, and in the nineteenth century, is either one who cannot carry his brains to a better market, or one who wants steadiness of purpose for ordinary life; it is only a small minority who are really impelled by a spirit of chivalrous daring. These reasons of course do not apply to nations in another stage of civilization. The forced recruits of Russia and Germany are no doubt fair specimens of their nations; and among the Cherokees or Mandingoes, the best warrior is probably the most capable man. These causes of variation must be taken into account, when a low average of one people is compared with the normal type of another. They

* *Observations on the Human Crania contained in the Museum of the Army Medical Department, Fort Pitt, Chatham.* By George Williamson, M.D. Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.

will account for some instances of irregular deviation, in which the higher and lower races seem inextricably merged. But, on the whole, it is wonderful to see how precisely relations of civilization are symbolized in the gradations of cranial development.

The skulls examined have been arranged in four classes. One of these might as well perhaps have been omitted—it is that of skulls with strongly marked superciliary ridges, and embraces only the Sandwich Islanders, whose brows, we are told, are so prominent as to project in the front of the face. The other divisions correspond to Prichard's—of oval, prognathous, and pyramidal. The oval-skulled races are in fact co-extensive with the Arian of modern philologists. The prognathous embrace the Ethiopic and Polynesian tribes, whom we can only connect at present by the physical resemblances of protruding foreheads and receding jaws. No less inexplicably, again, the third distinction of broad and flat-faced skulls is common to Malays, Chinese, and North American Indians, inhabiting three separate regions with faune, flora, languages, and civilizations of their own. Prichard, indeed, suggested a solution of the difficulty. He thought that the oval shape accompanied civilization—that the broad-faced skull belonged to the nomadic or pastoral stage—and that savages living by chance or the chase were prognathous. Putting aside the great difficulty that the Chinese are not pastoral, nor the Baluchi civilized, it is clear that Prichard's answer is a mere evasion, which can always be retorted. It is, *primâ facie*, as likely that the negro is savage because he is prognathous, as prognathous because he is savage; and certainly his features do not seem to change when he attains a semi-civilization. Probably transcendental anatomy will before long tell us how the growth of the bony framework is determined by the relative proportions of the brain.

This correspondence, indeed, of the two polar conditions of animal life is among the facts that most frequently meet us in Dr. Williamson's pages. The skulls of a Scotch Highlander and an Irish rebel show marks, we are told, "of belonging to an uncivilized or mountainous race: the bones of the Highlander are large, thick, and coarse in texture; those of the Irishman are dense, thick, and polished like ivory." The hard, strong heads of negroes may be fairly classed among their typical characteristics. And in the case of a negro idiot—where, of course, these conditions would be exaggerated—we find the annotation, "cranium very large, of great weight, and the bones are very thick." So, again, the skulls of natives of Van Diemen's Land had the smallest internal capacity of any examined, and were yet among the heaviest. The most striking example of this inverse ratio meets us, oddly enough, in the case of the Esquimaux, where the internal capacity of the skull is the largest attained, and the weight of its bones the smallest. Here, however, there was only one specimen in the Museum, and it would therefore be most unsafe to argue from it. Other instances of the same fact abound. Perhaps unprofessional readers may need to be reminded that, in the dissecting room, the bodies of infants are always preferred to exhibit the anatomy of the nerves of the body; while the skeleton is of course only formed in mature age. The functions of animal growth and the preservation of life are in some sense antipodal. Now, the nerves are the organs of nutrition primarily, and it is only by their secondary connexion with the external world, as channels of perception, that they subserve the purposes of thought. Of course either of the two halves of our organization may be taken to explain it. And thus the patriarch of transcendental anatomy among ourselves, Professor Owen, has lately seemed as it were to retrace his steps, but really has only completed the work he commenced, in substituting the development of the brain for the typical vertebra, as the basis of classification.

So small a matter as the presence of triquetral bones may be suggestive. They are little osseous plates with indented margins, inserted, as it were, between two cranial bones, and appearing like islets placed in the sutures. The reason of their presence would seem to be that growth has gone on in the brain after the centres of ossification in the plates that cover it have lost their expansive power; and hence little patches must be interpolated between the margins of the larger bones, that the membranes of the brain may not be left bare. We might therefore expect them to be observed in the segments which respectively indicate typical difference in the skulls of different races. In Arian races, the anterior or intellectual part preponderates, and accordingly we find them here as 1 in 8, while the numbers given for the prognathous crania are only 1 in 13. But "they are found as frequently in the occipital suture in the negro as in the European, and are more frequently of large size." Dr. Williamson's tables modify his statement, but it is in the direction we have indicated. More exactly, taking his results, we find the average in prognathous skulls to be more than half against less than $\frac{1}{2}$ in the Arian. It is the less human portion of the brain that grows in the lower man.

But the most interesting results obtained are perhaps those summed up in the table of anatomical measurements. If we class nations by the internal capacity of their skulls, the Germans occupy the highest place, the English come next in rank, the French and Spanish are third, our friends in China fifth, while the modern countrymen of Homer and Plato are beneath the New Zealander. The natives of Van Diemen's Land, the Ashantees, Hottentots, Bushmen, and American Indians, are naturally enough the lowest in the scale. But the classification of the several parts is different. If we take the anterior chamber, the seat

of intellect, the German is again highest, but the Greek is second, the Englishman only fourth, and the Chinese sixth. Here the American Indian, on whom so much sentimentality has been wasted because he will die sooner than be civilized, is absolutely the lowest. The coronal region of the brain is commonly allotted to the emotional faculties. Dr. Williamson's distinction of coronal and sub-coronal makes it difficult to state his results positively, but the German is again very high, and the Englishman about fourth, while the natives of Van Diemen's Land have decidedly risen in the scale. The posterior chamber is supposed to be the seat of those fierce animal energies which are sublimed into will in the civilized man. Here the one Esquimaux is highest, and the Madagascar, Kaffir, and New Zealand savages follow him. The English take the lead among Arian peoples, and are pressed upon by the French, Spanish, and Chinese. The German is among the lowest; and below the Bushman and Van Diemen's Islander, at the bottom of the scale, is the Greek. Probably the position of the English is distinctly modified by the specially low character of the skulls examined. But generally the results of these tables give singular confirmation to the previous conclusions of ethnologists. It is to be wished that the authors of *Crania Britannica* would follow Dr. Williamson's system of measurements, and increase the value of a great national undertaking in the only point in which it is seriously deficient.

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EXTRA PERFORMANCES.

TUESDAY, February 9th; THURSDAY, 11th; will be repeated BALFE'S Opera, LA ZINGARA, being the Italian version of the "Bohemian Girl," Arline, Mdle. PICCOLINI; Queen of the Gipsies, Mdle. SANWIER; Count Arnheim, Sig. BELLETTI; Devilshoof, Sig. VIOLETTI; Florestin, Sig. MERCURIALI; Thaddeus, Sig. GIUGLINI. In the Second Act will be introduced a NEW DIVERTISSEMENT by M. MASSOT, by Mdles. CLAVELLI, MOBLACCHI, and PASQUALI.

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Prices:—Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Boxes (to hold four persons), Pit and One Pair, £2 2s.; Grand Tier, £3 3s.; Two Pair, £1 5s.; Three Pair, 16s.; Gallery Boxes, 10s.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. 6d.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s.

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For particulars of purchase apply to Mr. H. Mogford, in the Gallery.

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Tuesday, February 9th, at half-past 8;—Quintet in G minor, Mozart; Quintet in E flat, Schumann; Quartet in G, solo, Meyseder; Glee sung by the Quartet Glee Union; solos, pianoforte. Artists:—Sainton, Gottlie, Henry and Richard Blagrove, and Paque. Pianist, E. Pamer. Single admissions to the Royal Box, or any non-reserved seats, 7s. each, to be had of Cramer and Co., Chappell and Co. A few non-reserved seats remain to be let for subscribers. All particulars to be had by letter addressed to J. ELLA, Director.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON

MUSEUM.—On WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10th, at Eight o'clock, a Lecture will be delivered in the Theatre, by JOHN HENRY PARKES, Esq., F.S.A., on "The Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages."

Subscribers and Art-workers may obtain tickets at the Museum, and at the Office of the Builder and Building News.

Arrangements have been made with the Committee for Exhibiting in the Architectural Museum the designs for the Memorial of the Exhibition of 1851.

GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, A.R.A., Treasurer.

JOSEPH CLARKE, F.S.A., Hon. Sec.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.

Subscribed Capital, 1,250,000; Paid-up Capital, £500,000;
Reserved Fund, £105,000.

HEAD OFFICE, 21, LOMBARD-STREET.

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At the ANNUAL MEETING OF PROPRIETORS, held on THURSDAY, the 4th FEBRUARY, 1858, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, the following Report for the year ending the 31st December, 1857, was read by the Secretary.

WILLIAM CHAMPION JONES, Esq., in the Chair.

REPORT.

The Directors have much satisfaction in laying before the Proprietors a statement of the affairs of the Bank for the half-year ending the 31st of December, 1857.

It will appear by the balance-sheet, signed by the auditors, that the net profit for the last half-year, after deducting all expenses, income-tax, and rebate, and making a liberal provision for bad and doubtful debts, amounts to £42,594 11s. 4d., including the balance of £14,145 0s. 8d., brought forward from the 30th of June last.

From this sum the Directors have placed £5000 to the credit of the "Reserved Fund," and recommend the usual grant of £500 to the "Provident Fund" of the Bank for the year 1857.

They further recommend that a dividend be now declared of 6 per cent. for the half-year, free of income-tax, which, with 5 per cent. already paid for the six months ending the 30th June last, will be 11 per cent. for the year 1857.

Should these recommendations be adopted, there will remain a balance of £7594 11s. 4d., which it is proposed shall be carried forward to profit and loss new account.

The Directors have to announce that Thomas Tynningham Bernard, Esq., M.P. for Aylesbury, has joined the direction in place of A. A. Hoghton, Esq., who has retired. The Directors retiring by rotation are—

WILLIAM CORY, Esq.

JAMES ANDREW DURHAM, Esq., and

JOHN HENRY LANCE, Esq.

who respectively offer themselves for re-election.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, 31st DECEMBER, 1857.

Dr.	To capital paid up	£500,000	0	0
	To reserved fund	100,000	0	0
	To customers' balances, &c.	3,638,425	14	3
	To profit and loss balance brought from last account	£14,145	0	8
	To ditto rebate, &c., ditto	9,614	1	6
	To gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts	112,243	1	6
		£136,002	3	10
		£4,269,427	18	1

Cr.	By cash on hand at head offices and branches	£496,596	6	3
	By cash placed at call and at short notice	685,047	6	9
		£1,081,643	13	0

	Investments, viz. :—			
	By government and guaranteed stocks	£222,699	15	8
	By other stocks and securities	186,281	8	6
		408,981	4	2
	By discounted bills, notes, and temporary advances to customers in town and country	2,349,057	13	11
	By advances to customers on special securities	293,946	1	2
		2,643,043	15	1
	By freehold premises in Lombard-street and Nicholas-lane, freehold and leasehold property at the branches, with fixtures and fittings	53,494	7	10
	By interest paid to customers	38,663	12	0
	By salaries and all other expenses at head office and branches, including income-tax	44,611	6	0
		£4,269,427	18	1

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dr.	To interest paid to customers	£39,653	12	0
	To expenses, as above	44,611	6	0
	To rebate on bills not due, &c., carried to profit and loss new account	9,842	14	6
	To reserve fund	5,000	0	0
	To dividend of 6 per cent. for the half-year	30,000	0	0
	To dividend fund	600	0	0
	To balance carried forward to profit and loss new account	7,394	11	4
		£136,002	3	10

Cr.	By balance brought forward from last account	£14,145	0	8
	By rebate, &c., ditto	9,614	1	6
	By gross profit for the half-year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts	112,243	1	6
		£136,002	3	10

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing balance-sheet, and compared the items it comprises with the several books and vouchers relating thereto, and have found the same to be correct.

(Signed)

HENRY OVERTON,

JOHN WRIGHT,

FREDERICK GASKELL,

Auditors.

London and County Bank, 28th January, 1858.

The foregoing Report having been read by the Secretary, the following resolutions were proposed, and unanimously adopted—

1. That the Report be received and adopted, and printed for the use of the Shareholders.

2. That a dividend of 6 per cent. be declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, for the half-year ending the 31st of December, 1857, clear of income tax, payable on and after Monday, the 16th of February instant.

3. That the sum of £500 be added to the "Provident Fund," and the balance of £7594 11s. 4d., then remaining, be carried to Profit and Loss New Account.

4. That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Board of Directors for the able manner in which they have conducted the affairs of the Company.

5. That the thanks of the Meeting be presented to the Auditors of the Company for the past year.

6. That Henry Overton and John Wright, Esquires, be elected Auditors for the current year.

7. That the thanks of this Meeting be presented to William M'Kewan, Esq., the General Manager, and the other officers of the establishment, for the zeal and ability with which they have severally discharged their respective duties.

The Ballot for the Election of three Directors having been proceeded with, the following gentlemen were unanimously re-elected—William Cory, Esq., James Andrew Durham, Esq., and John Henry Lance, Esq.

(Signed)

W. C. JONES, Chairman.

That the cordial thanks of this Meeting be presented to W. C. Jones, Esq., for his able and courteous conduct in the chair.

(Signed)

WILLIAM NICOL.

Extracted from the minutes.

(Signed)

R. P. NICHOLS, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a Dividend of Six per Cent. for the half-year ending 31st December, 1857, on the capital stock of the Company, will be paid to the Proprietors, either at the Head Office, 21, Lombard-street, or at any of the Company's Branch Banks, on and after MONDAY, 16th February instant.

By order of the Board,

21, Lombard-street, 4th February, 1858.

W. M'KEWAN, General Manager.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

OPENING OF THE LINE FROM CHATHAM TO FAVERSHAM.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the FIRST SECTION of the EAST KENT RAILWAY from CHATHAM to FAVERSHAM is NOW OPEN for Public Traffic.

G. F. HOLROYD, Secretary.

East Kent Railway Offices, 2, Moorgate-street, City.
February, 1858.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

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ALL TRAINS on the EAST KENT RAILWAY are First, Second, and closed Third Class, and run in connexion with the Up and Down Trains on the North Kent Line.

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Single Tickets	6s. 0d.	4s. 6d.	4s. 10d.
Return Tickets, available for two days	14s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	8s. 0d.

For further particulars see Company's Time Bills.

P. D. FINNIGAN, Traffic Manager.
Traffic Manager's Office, Chatham,
February, 1858.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

TRAINS from LONDON, in connexion with the NORTH KENT LINE, at 8 and 10¹⁵ A.M., and 2, 4³⁰, and 5⁵⁰ P.M.
Omnibuses from Canterbury to Faversham at 7³⁰ and 8³⁰ A.M., and 12²⁵, 2⁴⁰, and 4³⁰ P.M.

P. D. FINNIGAN, Traffic Manager.

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